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Things in General.

ON Saturday night there is to be a dinner and reception tendered to Lord and Lady Aberdeen. No matter how individuals may feel with regard to these distinguished occupants of the vice-regal chair, it is the duty not only of those who accepted the bountiful hospitality of the Governor-General and his wife last winter, but of all those who feel that Toronto must not belittle itself or the representatives of the Crown, to permit the affair to be nothing but a grand success. Lord and Lady Aberdeen will not be with us again in their official capacity, and at their leave-taking Torontonians should be much more demonstrative than anything else during the stay in Canada of the vice-regal couple, not only for the sake of the estimable couple themselves, Her Majesty whom they represent, the great link in the Empire of which they form so important a constitutional part, but for the sake of Toronto itself.

BY the way, does it ever strike the good people who listen to preaching every Sunday how few great lawyers, or doctors, or teachers, or merchants ever leave their calling to preach the Gospel? We occasionally have the leading lights in the various professions and businesses appearing as lecturers or exhorters, but seldom or never do we see a leading lawyer laying down his briefs and taking up the cross and following preaching as a profession, or doing as Christ counselled the young man to do, "Leave all and follow Him."

AMONGST preachers we find the number of highly paid men very small, our best pulpites going to the United States and our best pulpits being filled by men from abroad. Certainly we cannot take the extremely provincial ground of insisting that our teachers and preachers must be bred on our own farms and taught in our own schools. We would have but little chance to widen our views if we all stayed at home and insisted that no one from a distance should help us do our preaching or thinking or teaching. It is a pity, however, that good Canadians are sometimes passed over by churches when their pulpits become vacant. Canada should have plenty of well-traveled, well-taught, thoughtful and eloquent men to satisfy even such a critical audience as that of St. Andrew's. If the best prizes go to men from other countries it will be to the discouragement of preachers who are Canadians, and will deter bright young men from entering the ministerial profession.

TALKING about Canadians going outside for what they can get at home, one naturally thinks of the good advice given at the Bankers' banquet recently, that Canada should have a mint in which to coin the gold which is being mined in this country. There could be no better advertisement for the Dominion than gold coins bearing her name and having equal value to the eagles and half-eagles turned out of the mints of the United States.

And while we are on this subject it may be remarked that an unpleasant sensation was caused by the announcement that the Minister of Railways had gone to the United States to buy palace cars. The explanation was offered that such cars were not made in Canada, but the excuse is a weak one. If they are not made here they should be made here, and if the Government is not taking pains to originate such enterprises it is not doing its full duty. Of course it is quite possible that the demand for the cars came suddenly, but no first-class business man should be surprised into giving a sudden order by events which he should have anticipated. If the Government keeps on giving our orders for palace cars to foreign firms, as the late Government doubtless did, we cannot be surprised if the big corporations like the Canadian Pacific and the Grand Trunk also send their money abroad when they need similar coaches. If suitable works are not in existence for building these cars, the Government should either start them or induce a private firm to start them, and such tariff assistance should be given as would encourage the industry and lead every railroad in Canada to purchase the home-made article. Indeed, we should not only make all our own cars, but Canada should be one of the leading exporters of coaches both for railroads and trolley lines.

THE following letter is well worth the attention of the public as well as those who have power to remedy the evil spoken of. It is to be feared the banks and the Dominion Government make too much profit by the wearing out and the absolute loss of bills, to frequently supply the public with new and crisp notes which are not so liable to be dropped by the owner or to spread contagion. I quite agree with the writer that the filthy bills that remain for years in circulation are a disgrace to the country.

DEAR SIR,—In last week's issue, "speaking of the spread of contagious diseases by various means," you, to my mind, very justly mention bank bills. Now, I would like to see this matter taken up, and if possible force the Government to keep clean their own issue of legal tender, and also force the different banks holding charters from them to give more attention to the cleanliness of their circulation. As a bank teller I may say that the bills kept in circulation by some of the banks are so filthy that it is not only dangerous to handle them, but as well most disagreeable and sickening. Now, there is no reason why we should not have a fairly clean bank circulation if some pressure were brought to bear on the banks, who try to make a bill wear for ten years when perhaps it is unfit for circulation after one year's use. You shall be conferring a favor on many bank tellers and on a suffering and patient public if you will bring this matter before them in your usual fearless and forceful manner.

BANKER.

AT the distribution of prizes at Upper Canada College on Wednesday Dr. Parkin, the esteemed principal, made the following statement:

In order to establish great schools the services of the best men are needed, and they must be well paid. Teaching must offer them a career, but the school service of the country at the present time does not do this. The schools of Ontario, despite their merits, offer no opportunity for the creation of a great teaching profession.

Every thoughtful observer must admit the truth of these words. Canadians, however, should not feel hopeless in this matter, for great teachers will be recognized when great teachers present themselves to the public. Though, as Dr. Parkin says, there is not now a prize in the teaching profession in Canada equal to the salary obtained by the most poorly paid Supreme Court judge, we have perhaps had so little effort made by strong men to obtain prominence as educators of youth that we should not feel surprised at the low level of salaries. The first effort of Canada has been to provide sufficient teachers of good scholastic attainments for the great mass of children growing up all over the country. Out of this uniformity and apparently dead level, distinctly able teachers like Dr. Parkin will present themselves and receive the support and encouragement of the public. Principal Parkin has shown what could be accomplished, by his management of Upper Canada College, and other good schools will find other able men, and the competition will then force salaries to a higher point.

THE Evening News appears to be right in saying that too much fuss is being made over Assessment Commissioner Fleming's achievement in bringing a glass factory from Hamilton to Toronto. Of course everyone is pleased to see new concerns being built here or brought here, and no doubt Mr. Fleming is doing his work as well as it could be done by any other man, though perhaps no better than a hundred other men might do it if clothed with the same power. In the first place,

there is no necessity for be-slobbering Mr. Fleming as if he had found the far-famed roc's egg, nor of making fun of Hamilton because it has lost a valuable asset. Business men do not as a rule, hunt ducks with a brass band. If Toronto is to gain new factories and capture those now located elsewhere, the work should be done quietly and no crowing should be indulged in at the expense of those who feel sore. If the present plan of campaign is followed, when the owners of a factory think of moving to Toronto and make known their intention, the most extraordinary bonuses will be offered them to remain where they are. No town or city will permit itself to be sneered at and ridiculed in the foolish manner in which some newspapers have treated Hamilton, no matter what the cost may be. For this reason every joke that is indulged in at the expense of a town that loses a factory will cost Toronto many thousands of dollars in the loss occasioned by bonus being offered against bonus and the making of terms by outside municipalities which this city would be foolish to compete with.

A GENERAL revolt of the Orangemen of Ireland seems to be likely in connection with the revival of the project for a Catholic university for Ireland. Ireland has suffered enough from the established church and the establishment of institutions not necessary to the happiness and progress of the

panies are to stop issuing policies which may be incentives to a crime by a husband or wife, they would be forced to restrict themselves only to such policies as would make beneficiaries of people who would have no interest in the death of the person insured. This, of course, could not be!

HALLOWEEN, which came after Monday's sun went down, was celebrated as usual by the boys and students, who went to the theaters and paraded the streets, and it was not forgotten in the homes, where the youngsters went through all the performances peculiar to the night. Acts of vandalism, it is said, were committed by somebody, or a collection of nobodies, or a mixture of somebodies and nobodies; it matters little, except that the city without complaint should pay for any real damage that has been done by undiscoverable persons. Toronto, among many other things, claims to be, and is, a students' city, and it would be madly parsimonious for the authorities to persecute the student class for damages which at most will amount to but a few dollars.

There was a time when the managers of Toronto theaters hired policemen to endeavor to control the students when they had a night in the galleries. I remember very distinctly advis-

student on his jolly night. We have polished everything away excepting the small boy and the riotous student, and these masculine savages do so little harm nowadays and afford us so great a treat both in our homes and our theaters and our streets, that we might show our prudence in allowing them to exemplify the truth that everything has not yet been starched and stiffened, and veneered and polished, falsified and made pretentious, until there is nothing left which is natural and invigorating.

HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA, for whom we all have the greatest respect both as an individual and a sovereign, has within the week declared herself with regard to two very important and much-disputed points. Her opinion in the matter of playing lawn tennis on Sunday will greatly please the majority of her subjects, while it will much offend the Sabbatarians, who hitherto have been so certain of the sympathy of Her Majesty. In the other instance, she will delight the strict Anglicans, Roman Catholics and Puritans who oppose the remarriage of divorced persons in every instance, while the majority of them insist that divorce shall be given under no conditions. Her Majesty goes the length of saying that she endorses the strictest view; that is to say, no matter upon what ground the divorce is granted, remarriage shall not take place with the sanction of such religious authorities as she can control. She does not affirm, nor will anybody admit, her authority to forbid what civil law has allowed, for while she is nominally head of the Church and Defender of the Faith her title to obedience is not asserted either in a political or religious sense when religious matters are being discussed. While all this is true, Queen Victoria has been at the head of the British nation for so many years, has been esteemed for so many decades as the exemplary woman and the most adorable sovereign, that her opinion must have great weight. Because of this, it is impossible for a commentator who has to do with the passing topic to avoid a glance at the peculiar position in which she places herself with the most devout of her subjects, by putting forward opinions which cannot be received with any unanimity even by the most pious or the most unglo-

Her Majesty will horrify the Sabbatarians by telling their representatives point-blank that she permits lawn tennis to be played on Sunday in her private domains, and that it is nobody's business whether she does so or not. I do not play lawn tennis on either week days or Sunday, and her opinion in this matter neither restrains me from doing nor gives me permission to do something which I do not care to do under any circumstances. This, doubtless, will be the attitude of nearly all those who read her opinion on the subject, but her position means a great deal with regard to other pleasures ordinarily esteemed to be innocent. The Sabbatarian has had a severe setback, and the world will believe with Her Majesty that Sunday is not to be disregarded as an opportunity for proper recreation.

If the majority of the readers of newspapers are entirely disinterested with regard to the Sunday playing of lawn tennis, they are also entirely mind-free with regard to the remarriage of divorced people. Those who are not married do not expect to be divorced after they are united with someone who is pleasing to them, and those who are living in the bonds of matrimony are doubtless quite free from any irksome ties or improper desires to change their helpmate. I can very truthfully declare myself to be of this class, for with many I drew in the matrimonial lottery a prize which has been added to by a large family. The principle, however, remains in the second instance as in the first, and while the strict interpretation of life's duty with regard to the marriage tie is greatly esteemed by every right-thinking person, the larger section of Her Majesty's subjects and those who speak the same tongue which is that of Great Britain, are of the opinion that no life should be sacrificed because of a mistake made either at the altar or at the death-bed of a dying husband or wife. The promise to love, honor and obey a husband who, later on, must be divorced, is one which perhaps may not be recalled in its entirety, but there is nothing in God's law, nor in any just human law, which should deny the wronged one an opportunity to re-arrange a life, a portion of which has been blighted. If we start wrong in this world, every religious teaching and every rightly interpreted religious opportunity is directed towards the re-arrangement of the improper course. If such a re-arrangement is denied the wronged one, such illegitimate re-arrangements as are possible will be made in spite of civil or canon law. At this point we come to the great question of the moment, and that is whether the Church and the restrictions originating in the Church and enforced by it through civil authority, are helpful or hurtful to morality.

The Anglican Synod of Canada, in its meeting last September in the city of Montreal, drew attention to the alarming decrease in marriages and births in this Dominion, the principal spokesman, Rev. Mr. Williams, declaring, correctly no doubt, that the birth rate in Canada is lower even than in what we are inclined to call degenerate France. At the time that this matter was first discussed I felt much inclined to the view that the less said about it the better. Particularly in such a journal as SATURDAY NIGHT, all topics are avoided which are esteemed unnecessary or improper in frivole discussion. The Synod itself and many newspapers, among them some of the leading ones in Canada, insisted that this "terrible state of affairs" should be looked into and its cause determined. I do not feel at all afraid to accept my share of a task which perhaps was imprudently imposed by the original discussion, but which must be accepted by everyone who feels that he or she has some share in either forming public opinion or directing the readers of a newspaper to certain phases of an important subject.

In view of the vague but important responsibility of a writer on every subject which comes up for discussion, I desire to call attention in the least sensational and most acceptable manner possible to the causes which have brought about the condition of affairs so greatly deplored by the Synod: We have no divorce court in Canada; all legal divorces, even on Scriptural grounds, have to take place by act of parliament. This condition has been imposed upon Canada almost entirely by the Roman Catholic and Anglican churches, who hold that morality is protected, and that the continuity of home life and the undisputed legitimacy of children are ensured by making marriage terminable only by the death of one of the contracting parties. This, apparently, has not saved us from a low marriage rate and a low birth rate, while it has inflicted upon those who have sought separation even on the Biblical ground of adultery, enormous costs, which are enough to deter the ordinary litigant from attempting to remove a tie which, without pecuniary expenditure, could be at once set aside by the living of an unconventionally immoral life. I use this phrase advisedly, because there are "conventionally immoral lives," and it is with regard to these lives that the Synod is so much alarmed, and they are the lives of which we must all take cognizance if this matter of a low birth rate is to be discussed.

For many years there was a fight in Great Britain, and for a still longer period there was a fight in Canada, with regard to marriage with a deceased wife's sister. Such a marriage was looked upon with horror not many years ago by the orthodox people of Great Britain and her dependencies. Now it is accepted almost everywhere. Many years ago marriage was an expensive and difficult sacrament or civil procedure, but it has been simplified in all but the most intensely Roman Catholic countries,



A BEAUTY OF GUATEMALA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

In THE CHRISTIAN SATURDAY NIGHT will appear a great many reproductions of photographs illustrative of Guatemalan people and their homes. These will be published in connection with a narrative by E. E. Sheppard of a revolution in that Republic, entitled The Killing of Juan Aparicio.

island, and surely no friend of the Irish, whether it be of the Irish Catholic or the Irish Protestant section, will ever listen in quietness to a suggestion of a state-supported Catholic institution. When Ireland risks itself of all such state-supported affairs of a sectarian kind, no matter of what denomination, it will have accomplished the first half of its liberation and Great Britain will have accomplished the first half of Ireland's colonization.

THE injunction has been made perpetual against the publication of stolen letters in the possession of a municipal millbaster who has been endeavoring to use them against the writers of them and the Toronto Railway Company, and to his own advantage. Both the Crown, as represented by the Provincial Government, which has no political sympathy with the writers of the letters, and the Court, which has had to do with these vague documents and has no sympathy with anybody, have decided that no decent use can be made of them, and practically that no honest man who should be acceptable as a presentable citizen should have them in his possession. Surely this should be the end of the matter.

THE rumor is going about that the insurance companies have decided that married women, unless they are bread-winners, cannot be insured. It is said that this position was taken because of the murders committed to obtain insurance money. So far, the insurance companies deny having entered into any such combine. This is natural enough, because the insurance murders have been more frequently committed by women to obtain the cash value of the policies of which they have been made beneficiaries, than by men. If the court records are studied, it will be noticeable that on account of the existence of an insurance policy and the non-existence of any affection for a husband, nearly every crime of this class in Canada has had a woman at the bottom of it. It is so in the United States; and while it does not prove that women are worse than men—or, as it would be better to put it, while it does not prove that women are much better than men—it indicates that if insurance com-

ing those who had the order of the theaters in hand to let the students have their fling and make their leaders responsible for the results. The suggestion was accepted after years of argument, and instead of the citizens being afraid to go to a play when the students are likely to be there, it is considered a treat to hear the boys "blow themselves off." They damage nothing if they are but let alone. For this reason it would be wise for Toronto to pay for a few rotten old fences and pieces of sidewalk which needed replacing, rather than argue the matter. The moment the students know that the city pays for every real damage that they do to property which should not be disturbed, their leaders will induce them to stay their hands. There is nothing like a sense of responsibility to put the boys on their mettle, for no crowd considers it smart to spoil an old fence which ought to have been replaced by its proprietor, when they know that it will be the city which will have to pay the bill, while the proprietor of the eye-sore will be the gainer. On the other hand, the citizens have a right to protection which all the police which could be gathered in Toronto could not give them were the students and boys antagonized by the public. The citizens pay their taxes and have a right to expect peace and quiet, though they sometimes sadly outrage this right by maintaining nuisances which occasionally the boys remove. The curmudgeons who make complaint and are gainers by boyish pranks will soon find out that when they get something from the city to replace villainous fences they will be losers in other respects, for the boys will absolutely decline to be their beneficiaries and will get their work in, in some other direction.

As far as the theaters are concerned, students' night is a jollity. Few people go to the plays which are being presented nowadays to hear the dialogue; the majority of them go to be entertained, and the unusual thing is the most entertaining thing. I would rather go to a theater and hear the cow-bell and the penny whistle and see bouquets skating about on wires and feel a touch of the old-time vigor of boyhood, than hear the finest recitations and see the prettiest postures that can be presented. Let civilization stay its hand when it reaches for th

where it still costs a very large fee and divorce is impossible. Canada has taken pains to simplify marriage, to permit a man to marry his deceased wife's sister, and to allow divorced people to remarry. Yet it is still dominated in other respects by the severest laws of the strictest sects. In spite of this we are face to face with a decrease of marriage and a low birth rate so startling that the Synod and the newspapers believe it their bounden duty to look for the reasons.

One thing we can assert is that in almost every particular we have followed the code of the strictest sect of the Pharisees. In no country in the world is the mother of an illegitimate child so fiercely ostracized. The faces of the good are turned from her and the skirts of the saintly women of the church are drawn aside to let the Magdalene pass. Illegitimacy is not chargeable against Canada as occupying a high percentage. In Sabbatarian Scotland and in Roman Catholic countries where the strictest divorce laws are enforced, the natural-born are in much greater proportion to the total population than they are here. It is true we have not a large standing army which is prohibited from marrying, but permitted by "unwritten" law to live in such temporary relations with the other sex as are not sanctioned by the Church, but which result in adding to the population. Canada is essentially a country of homes and of conditions demanding alliances between men and women; a land in which religious thought and the strictest codes are prevalent. The nature and condition of the country and people are all favorable, not only to a high marriage rate, but to a high birth rate with good opportunities of utilizing and feeding children. Moreover, everything that can be done by religious authority has been attempted; every law which could be enacted for the preservation or extension of morality has received the cheerful assent of Parliament. The "age of consent" has been raised to a higher limit than in almost any other country, though John Charlton, M.P., is still clamoring to make it higher.

Yet, mark you, everything has failed, or the statisticians, the Anglican Synod and the leading newspapers are mistaken. What, then, is wrong? Here is a country where the population is sparse and men at an early age desire to marry for the sake of companionship and helpfulness. Here is a country where on account of the scarcity of population every newspaper, public speaker and preacher declares week after week that what we need is population. Canada is a country where population can subsist to an extent of many millions beyond that which at present exists. The conditions of life are as easy here, strange to say, as they are in the tropics. Food is easily had, raiment can be obtained from the sheep grown on the little farm, and food can be had from the fish in the water, the birds on the plains and the deer on the hills, where land is free or nearly so. Yet in spite of everything people do not marry as they ought, and when they do marry they do not raise as many children as families do who live amongst the most difficult circumstances which law and nature can provide. We have sturdy men and we have not too few women, for unlike some of the countries where war is one of the fine arts or recurrent afflictions, our men have not been slain in battle and none but old men and women left to till the fields and run the factories. Nature, ecclesiastic and civil law and every circumstance having apparently favored Canada, it seems to be a difficult question to decide why men and women do not marry, and when they do, why they have small families or none. In a climate admittedly adapted to the virility of men and the fertility of women, such circumstances and such a country elsewhere have given the world its conquering forces.

To answer this question is not nearly so difficult or so indelicate as many people might esteem it. All the forces which have been named, ecclesiastic and otherwise, have made matrimony and child-bearing circumstances to be avoided, the Roman Catholic church alone excepted. The very forces of law, ecclesiastic and otherwise, have taught people the tricks of avoidance, for there is always a cunning which comes as the result of compulsion. While avoiding this topic I have clamored for years that the pulpit and press should unite to urge the simplification of the conditions of life, because with the simplification of the general conditions the manoeuvres of hypocrisy and the tricks of avoidance would be unnecessary and unpopular.

Women live differently in Canada now from what they did twenty years ago. They have assumed tasks which in 1875 or 1880 they did not think of attempting. They are the competitors of men. What they have gained in cities and towns, the men have lost. All social organizations, the churches particularly, have taught inflated notions of working, of living, of luxury. Young people, instead of thinking about getting married, belong to Leagues, Unions, Associations, Societies, Literary Societies, Debating Clubs, and all sorts of things which require time and, what means the same thing, a certain amount of money to push along. Missionaries have to be educated and sent out; pews have to be cushioned and gorgeous pulpits erected; churches far beyond the means of the congregation have to be erected, and if not paid for, the interest must be collected.

Socially the young people insist on beginning, not where their parents began, but where their parents are leaving off. People cannot marry without social ridicule unless they can have a well furnished house, cut glass on their table and a china closet filled with the most elegant table appointments. Young men refuse to dress as workmen or admit that they belong to the class of those who toil, just as young women refuse to dress and conduct themselves as those who have to spin. The life of this new country has been made a false, pretentious and unhappy one, and the churches which make the greatest complaint are the chiefest sinners, inasmuch as they fail by precept or example to rebuke the evil so evident to all.

Then, again, those who marry find no comfort or assistance from the older people if they begin by rearing a large family. The man gets laughed at who has to register a birth every year or two; his wife is pitied as a slave and one much abused—and this she feels she really is. The church people twist them as fools and insinuate that they are not much better than beasts. They see the system—or it may be, the accident—of small families carried out very largely amongst the women who are most active in church societies and missionary work and all that sort of thing. They begin to know that something can be done to prevent large families, and it is not long before that something is attempted, generally to the great damage of both the health and morals of those concerned. Small families then become the rule; appliances are invented and peddled from door to door with this object in view; medicines are advertised which are either frauds or are intended to produce abortions; and as I write, to-night scan the columns of the leading daily newspapers of this city and there is only one which does not contain such advertisements. I know what is gained by inserting them, because they have been offered to me, and while I do not claim to have refused them because I had any superior virtue, yet I know that I do persistently refuse them because I think that any such business is not only improper and unprofitable, but it lowers the standard of the journal which accepts them, and consequently reduces the profits of the advertising pages of such a newspaper. These same newspapers, however, hold their hands up in holy horror, as SATURDAY NIGHT does not, with regard to the methods that are employed, and yet they accept double rates for advertisements which, I reiterate, are either criminal or fraudulent. However, in the same newspapers you can find the advertisements of churches, not many columns away from the things I speak of, and in the same pages you can find editorials shrieking against the desecration of the Sabbath while they are advertising the things which are a desecration of matrimony.

This is not all of it, for the means of avoidance of the difficulties which prevent marriage and occasion the falsities of life and permit religious toleration of what is practically infanticide and even the teachings which prevent child-bearing, are not known to the married only, nor to those who under simpler circumstances of life would be willing to marry, but they are known to almost everyone who can read. Why should they not be known? The daily newspapers—yes, and the country weeklies as well—which come into everybody's house

contain the advertisements of which I speak. The youngster who can get hold of a postage stamp and send for a "book free" can learn all about every objectionable thing that a child should not know. No one lacks facilities nowadays for getting information with regard to everything, and all get the information possible if they possess enough curiosity, and there is a time when everybody begins to be curious, and after there is no time when they cease being curious. What, then, is the result, particularly in cities and towns?

The young man is making a living insufficient to enable him to marry; the young woman is making a better living than she would get if she were married; and even if the young man and the young woman are fond of one another they determine to remain single, and their life is just exactly what the pamphlet, that a three-cent stamp will obtain, indicates is possible. Thus the unmarried as well as the married learn the trick of avoidance of either children or exposure, and obtain the cunning of gratifying a passion which was intended to populate the earth but which is now so largely perverted into simple lust. The police prevent the establishment or continuance of houses of ill-repute; they are powerless to prevent the secret sins which have been bred by pulpit, police and Puritanical surveillance. Thus it is that we are face to face with the conditions which men have taught women, and women have taught men, and newspapers have taught children by putting them in the way of getting beastly literature, and we all sit with uplifted hands wondering how it all came about and how it will be cured, and in the midst of it all we find the theological wranglers still arguing whether divorced people shall be permitted to remarry; whether divorces shall be granted by Parliament or by a court; whether a woman who has once sinned shall ever enter into the kingdom in which the skirts of her conventionally acceptable sisters rustle, and whether the child who was born of a natural impulse without having the incoming of his soul into the world properly prepared by ceremonies, shall be perpetually denounced in the play-ground, in business circles and in politics as a bastard, by the offspring of matrimonial mischance.

It is time for a little plain talk. I am offering no solution, for no one can argue or be even permitted to explain to those who assume to be the teachers of morality; while those who differ with the accepted conditions, no matter how unscriptural these accepted views may be, how unreasonable, how unfortunate, are always swept aside as ungodly and unclean.

During the period when there was less so-called education, less dissemination of advertisements amongst the poor, less knowledge by the maid of what her mistress did, and a natural obliviousness of the valet as to what his master did; at a time when the laborers remained on the same farm generation after generation, and servants remained in the same family till they considered themselves a part of it, the poor were expected to be the parents of the army and the navy—excepting, of course, the officers—and the ones likely to keep alive the race and provide the nation with men to make it dominant. In Canada at least it is not so now, for the poor refuse to be both the burden-bearers and the child-bearers of the community.

Social and Personal.

TO-DAY'S engagements will include Trinity College afternoon session, when our esteemed Governor-General receives his degree; a call at Matthews' to see Mr. Bruenech's beautiful exhibit of water-colors, an hour at Mrs. George Plunkett Magann's big tea in Parkdale, and the rest of the week devoted to eating, drinking and speculating in the gracious presence of our Vice-Regal visitors, His Excellency and Lady Aberdeen.

Mrs. Temple gave a very large reception last Saturday afternoon at her residence in Simcoe street, in which she was assisted by her two charming daughters, Mrs. Atkinson of Quebec and Miss Eric Temple, the latter making her debut on this occasion. Mrs. Temple wore a rich and quiet gown of black, lightened with touches of lace; Mrs. Atkinson was in pink, and the debutante in a most becoming blue frock. An immense number of guests were in attendance and many brought added attractions in the shape of graceful, bright-eyed visitors. Miss Marion Counsell of Hamilton came with Mrs. Waldie, Miss Minda Buchanan with her hostess, Mrs. Frank Arnold; Mrs. Clemow and Miss Powell with the Athelstane family party; Mrs. Delamore brought her debutante, Miss Eva, and Mr. Adam Wright her two bright little daughters, who are everywhere welcome. Mrs. Mackenzie of Benvenuto was welcomed home after a summer at her lovely country home in Kirkfield. A lovely girl was Miss Florence McArthur, and I noticed Mrs. Victor Cawthra nodding assent to many enquiring friends who are eager to see her in her new home. The tea-table in the large dining-room was so surrounded with cavaliers in search of good things for their fair ladies that some of the party got not even a glimpse of the pretty decorations, the big chrysanthemums and rose-shaded lights, and I heard a man say that small sleeves did not seem to leave any more room this winter. "Have you seen the babies?" sent many a tired chatterer upstairs, where the small monarch from Quebec and dear little Kathleen Temple with a peripatetic boy or two of larger growth were a select reception party. Mrs. Atkinson's presence has been most welcome at several smart affairs, and everyone regrets that she is not to remain longer in town.

Mrs. Alfred Benjamin has changed her reception days from Wednesdays to the second and third Mondays. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Houston have been at the Queen's since their return; they have now gone south, and next year intend taking a tour around the world. Miss Mollie Palmer is back from her Western trip; I saw her looking very well and happy on a shopping round this week. The engagement of Mr. Collingwood Schreiber and Miss Gwynne, daughter of Justice Gwynne, was announced last week; Mr. Schreiber is indeed to be congratulated. Mrs. Fotheringham gave a tea yesterday afternoon. Lord and Lady Aberdeen are the guests of the city of Toronto, and with their suite are domiciled at the Queen's Hotel. Lord Ava's visit last week was a pleasure to his Toronto friends; he was the guest of Mr. T. G. Blackstock, and was one of the honored guests at the bankers' banquet on Thursday evening; on Friday he went to Brantford to attend a dinner given in his honor by the Dufferin Rifles, and on Saturday morning returned to Toronto, where he remained till Monday, giving a small supper at McConkey's to a smart coterie of society folks Saturday evening. Lord Ava sailed for England this week. Mrs. Lash has sent out cards for an At Home on next Friday afternoon, in honor of the bride and groom, Mr. and Mrs. Miller Lash.

The prettiest and sweetest little bride imaginable was Mrs. Melville Ross Gooderham, as she received her friends, who arrived in shoals to welcome her as a matron. Happiness shone in her eyes and sounded in her voice, and everyone showered compliments on her as a matter of course, for she makes friends everywhere. Mrs. Gooderham wore her bridal finery, all lustrous satin and exquisite lace, with filmy mousseline veiling her girlish neck and arms, and a diamond striving to outshine a very new wedding ring. The tea-room, shining with brilliant lights and presided over by those beautiful girls Miss Violet and Miss Allen Gooderham, was decorated with hundreds of Dorothée roses and violets; pink ribbons crossed the dainty table, where five o'clock dainties and wedding cake were set. Watching the steady stream of visitors one realized what a campaign of calling lies before the little bride, who will probably have her afternoons kept busy for several months to come.

Toronto friends were seriously concerned to hear of the illness of Mrs. Thomas Tait in Montreal. Mrs. Cockburn has been for some time with her daughter, and Mr. Cockburn went down last week also.

Mrs. John Millar of 33 Charles street receives on the first, second and third Thursdays. Mrs. Warren Burton spent a flying visit with her sister, Mrs. Barwick, last week, and Mrs. Frank May of Montreal was also on a visit with Mrs. Wolferstan Thomas. Mrs. Sutherland of Montreal is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Emilie Jarvis. Mrs. Sydney Smith is visiting Dr. and

Mrs. Burnham, John street. Miss Gormally of Ottawa is the guest of Mrs. Langmuir. Mrs. James G. Caven held her post-nuptial receptions on Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons. Dr. Arthur Maybury has returned from a two months' visit west. Miss Ashworth has returned from ten months' visit in British Columbia. Mrs. E. R. Hooper of Bathurst street held her post-nuptial receptions on Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons. Miss Lizzie McDermid of Rockford, Ill., will spend the winter in town, a guest at her uncle's, Mr. C. E. Ray.

Mr. and Mrs. Eade Chadwick will reside at Niagara Falls, Mr. Chadwick having been ordered there on promotion by the Imperial Bank.

Dr. and Mrs. Warden are settled in their new home, 188 St. George street. Mrs. Warden receives on first, second and third Fridays.

Miss Patterson of Picton is visiting Miss Jennings and on Tuesday received with Mrs. Creelman. Mrs. Macara of Winnipeg is visiting her sister, Mrs. Shepley, North street.

Next Saturday afternoon Lady Howland's *the dancant* will be an enjoyable function in the Confederation Life ball-room. The reception is given for Lady Howland's daughter, Miss Bessie Bethune.

The Ottawa golfers had a pleasant visit to Toronto last week. They were entertained by Miss Mowat for luncheon on Saturday at Government House, and for tea by Lady Thompson at Derwent Lodge. The match was over before one, and again Miss Ethel White upheld the honor of Toronto. The Ottawa ladies took their defeat philosophically, having expected nothing else.

Mrs. Delamere has arranged a series of teas, at which her *debutante*, Miss Eva, has been entertaining her young friends. Last week and this week the teas have been most bright and enjoyable, Miss Delamere having inherited the kind and gracious thought for others which distinguishes both her parents.

Major and Mrs. Septimus Denison are in town. Mrs. Denison is at Rusholm. I hear there is no truth in the report that Major Denison has been appointed aide to Lord Minto, however events may shape themselves later on.

The idea of giving a succession of afternoon teas, which has been followed this fall by some hostesses, is a distinct gain to the comfort of their guests. The boon of room to move about, an occasional quiet sit-down chat and comfortable cup of tea are appreciated.

Miss Denison of Davenport, Iowa, daughter of Mr. Henry Denison, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Clarence Denison, and assisted Miss Eva Delamere at her tea on Tuesday.

Judge and Mrs. Lister, who have taken Mr. Lount's house in St. George street, will be acquisitions to Toronto society. On Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of this week Mrs. Lister received a number of callers anxious to welcome her to Toronto. Many Toronto people who have experience of Sarnia hospitality found old friends in these new-comers. Mrs. Lister was very beautifully gowned in heliotrope and white and received in a most gracious manner on Tuesday, when her callers were mostly from other quarters of the city, as Tuesday usually sees St. George street and Queen's Park hostesses at their ain fireside.

Last Thursday Miss Mowat's first reception was a decided crush, many persons turning up between four and six o'clock to pay their respects and ask for Sir Oliver, whose progress to health is happily satisfactory. Mrs. Fred Mowat received with her sister-in-law, and the men were on hand in dozens to do the gallant in the tea-room. Among the merry groups who chatted in the drawing-room, tea-room and conservatory were the bright visitors from Ottawa, Mrs. Clemow and Miss Powell, Mrs. Dinns, who as Mrs. Guggisberg was always so popular, and who is now on a visit to Mrs. Fred Denison, and several others. I heard a tale of a bright tea party which did not disperse in good time from McConkey's and arrived at Government House when the reception was over. Society has gotten fairly into harness by this time, as was proved by the conversation on the occasion of Miss Mowat's first reception. Talk of travel and golf and the summer resort, even of autumn wardrobes, has given way to gossip over festivities past and to come and comparisons between the charms of this season's beauties.

Mrs. Rose gave a tea to a number of lady friends on Thursday afternoon. On next Thursday the same hostess will give a second tea, in which will be included her friends of the sterner sex. By the way, there is no more popular and gallant guest at smart teas than Mr. Justice Rose himself.

Miss Marion G. Barker gives a tea next Thursday at her home in Cecil street, the first large function which has been given in the new home where hospitality and happiness go hand in hand.

The second bridal reception which drew many to the east side this week was held on Wednesday and two succeeding days, when Mrs. W. Harvey Lee received for the first time, a bright and handsome little bride in her wedding dress of white satin, with guimpe of shirred chiffon, and demi-wreath, *en berthe*, of lily-of-the-valley and narcissi, and some exquisite old point. The new home was all fresh and pretty, and in the tea-room an exceedingly effective table in Meteor roses, broad crimson ribbons, and even the fruit ices in crimson and white. Miss Lillian Lee and Miss Moffatt were in attendance, while in the reception-room Miss Rousseau assisted the bride, and Mrs. Harry Beatty, the groom's eldest sister, hovered between the two rooms with a pleasant word for all. Mrs. Lee received many compliments on her pretty rooms and pretty self.

Mr. C. E. McPherson of the Canadian Pacific is spending a fortnight's vacation in New Brunswick. Mrs. Caprol of Madison avenue has been quite ill for some time, but is now almost recovered. Mr. W. Henry Smith, manager of the Ontario Bank, has returned from a short western trip.

Among the favored spectators at the bankers' banquet I noticed Mrs. Kirkland, Mrs. Oxley, Miss Wilkie, Mr. George H. Wilson, Miss Hay, Miss Ethel Hay, Mrs. Cattanch, Mrs. Carlyle, Mr. Will Muir, Mr. Brodie, Mr. Cris, Wilson, Mr. Adam, Miss Emily Bate of St. Catharines, Mrs. Creelman, Miss Jennings, Miss Kate Merritt, Mr. Ricarde Seaver.

The engagement is announced of Mr. W. A. H. Kerr and Miss Marion Wilkie, daughter of Mr. D. R. Wilkie.

Mr. Victor Cawthra is in New York to meet Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra, who return to Yeadon Hall this week. Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt and her sister, Mrs. Herbert Cawthra, are also in New York, where the usual Toronto gathering will be on hand for Horse Show week presently.

Today the officers of the Toronto Battalion of the Boys' Brigade entertain His Excellency the Governor-General and Lady Aberdeen at luncheon at Webb's at one o'clock. Lord Aberdeen has been the president of the Boys' Brigade, and a guard of honor from the Toronto Battalion will be on duty during luncheon. The Q.O.R. band will play and afterwards Lord Aberdeen will review the battalion on University lawn. Miss Mowat will kindly assume the duties of hostess to the guests of the Boys' Brigade.

Mrs. Leadley (nee Sheppard) celebrated her birthday anniversary on Wednesday at her home in Bathurst street and received many gifts. A pleasant party of guests, among them Mrs. Miss and Master Sheppard, Mr. and Mrs. Barker, Messrs. Webster, Whilder, Childs, Miss Vale, Miss J. Sheppard, Mrs. Love and Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, assembled for the occasion.

St. Andrew's Ball on the 30th will gladden the hearts of the Scots and their friends. The ball will be held in the Pavilion, and promises to be delightful.

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Tweeds and Cloths for Tailor-Made Gowns.

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French, Parisian and New York Pattern Hats and Bonnets.

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SPECIAL—8 button length Undressed Kid Gloves, 75c, regular \$1.50. 2 clasp Gloves, Dressed Kid, \$1.00 and \$1.25, in all colors. 2 clasp Derby Gloves, in all colors.

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The pieces are just as good as regular stock.

If out of town send for a Catalogue.

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Diamonds Excepted

There are certain staples which perhaps all jewelers can supply equally well. But not Diamonds.

To be sold aright they must be bought aright.

Some years ago we made a radical departure in buying.

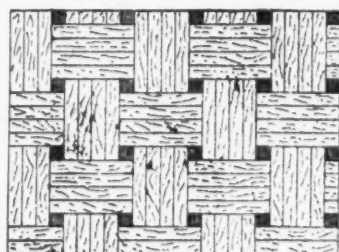
Since then we have selected every Diamond personally from the Amsterdam cutter.

In so doing we have to pay "prompt cash" the instant they come into our possession.

This, and this only, explains WHY we are able to offer such value in Diamonds.

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...ONE of the antiquated ideas which cling to us is that

Carpets

must cover the whole floor and must be securely nailed to the edges, where they severely proceed to accumulate dust for inhalation by the members of the household.

Parquet Floors

Have done much to dispel this idea, and while they are practically permanent do not cost more than the price of one good carpet.

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are always promptly attended to. Express Orders Filled Carefully and sent any distance.

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Fire Sets, Fenders, Coal Vases

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is expressed or implied in all catering contracts with Webb's. Ladies who entertain will find us always ready to give information, and if favored with an order to make their guests go away delighted with their hospitality.

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Social and Personal.

AT St. Mary Abbott's church, Kensington, London, a marriage took place recently which interested many Canadians, both bride and groom being their fellow-countrymen. Dr. Alfred Farden Langley, formerly of The Maples, Victoria, B.C., and an old McGill College boy, was the bridegroom, and Miss Annie D. Jones, daughter of the late Thomas Foulkes Jones of Toronto, was the bride. Miss Jones sailed for England on the Vancouver last month, and was met by Mr. and Mrs. Christian Hegnander of Christania, Norway, on her arrival in London. Mr. Hegnander will be remembered as a Molsons Bank official at the Junction some years ago. In a beautifully decorated church the wedding ceremony was performed by the vicar, Rev. S. E. Pennefather, the pretty young bride wearing a traveling-dress of blue broadcloth, with white satin vest and toque of blue velvet. Dr. and Mrs. Langley spent their honeymoon at Eastbourne-on-the-Sea. Many handsome gifts from Victoria, Montreal and Toronto reached the young couple for their wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Matthews have returned from Europe. Mrs. Morton Morse of Winnipeg left for home last week. She was for a brief visit the guest of Mrs. Dwight. Major Macdonald has returned from Halifax. Mr. Collingwood Schreiber was in town last week. News of his engagement preceded him. Mrs. E. B. Osler gave a second tea last week at Craigleigh.

Dr. David Smith has returned from a lengthened stay in London, Eng., where he studied and also had a pleasant time socially.

Mr. Jack Jellett of the Dominion Bank is back to town again after a summer in Windsor.

Bankers from all over Canada were in Toronto last week to attend the seventh annual meeting of the Bankers' Association. On Wednesday they met in the reception-room at the Parliament buildings for the first time. Mayor Shaw delivered an address of welcome which told of the importance attached to this Association by the city of Toronto. Mr. D. R. Wilkie, the general manager of the Imperial Bank, and who is president of the Association, upheld that honor in a very excellent speech. Wednesday and Thursday were taken up with discussions of matters monetary by many able speakers and in extending courtesies and hospitalities to visitors. A fitting termination was a grand banquet in the Pavilion on Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Yarker have removed from D'Arcy street to Simcoe street, having taken the pretty home formerly occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Bob McCulloch, No. 211.

The Monday evening fortnightly dances at the Yacht Club House will be discontinued. A letter from Lord Minto accepting the honorary membership, according to the request of the officers to become a patron of the club, and expressing his willingness to attend their function (the grand ball of the season, as it always is) has determined the committee to give us a dance this winter. The date will probably be some time in December or sooner.

Mr. J. K. Macdonald of the Confederation Life Association and Miss Macdonald have returned from Halifax.

Mr. Cross, the manager of the Bank of Commerce at St. Catharines, was the guest of Mr. Capreol of the Imperial Bank here for the latter end of last week.

Miss Edna Carlyle of Gerrard street is visiting friends in Montreal.

Mr. Pope of the Ontario Bank, Peterboro', was in town last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Gurney E. Still have taken apartments at 94 Wellesley street, where Mrs. Still will receive on the second and fourth Tuesdays.

Mr. J. D. Montgomery, whose temporary ill-health laid him up recently, is now fully recovered, and has gone into partnership with the firm of Fleury & Montgomery.

Mrs. R. Fraser Angus (nee Campbell) will hold her post-nuptial reception on Tuesday and Wednesday, November 8 and 9, at 87 Yorkville avenue.

The marriage of Miss Mattie, only daughter of Mrs. Parkinson, and Mr. William J. Gray was solemnized in the presence of a large company of friends at the residence of the bride's mother, 325 Hamilton road, East London, the officiating minister being Rev. J. G. Fallis, pastor of the Hamilton road Methodist church. The bridesmaid was Miss J. Gray of Orillia, sister of the groom, and the best man was Mr. J. G. Angus, while Masters Eric and Harry Nelles, cousins of the bride, acted as pages. The bride wore a gown of white corded silk trimmed with chiffon and lace, with a veil and a wreath of orange blossoms and lilies-of-the-valley, and carried a bouquet of white roses. The bridesmaid wore white organdie with lace trimmings and cream sashes, and carried pink roses. The bride's traveling-dress was of royal blue broadcloth trimmed with black satin. After the ceremony a *recherche* breakfast was served, the harpers' orchestra contributing several appropriate selections, including the Wedding March.

For the past fortnight the discussion of the proposed series of dinner dances, which was set going by the mistress of Glenedyth, Mrs. Nordheimer, for the young people of the smart set, culminated in a meeting in Mrs. Nordheimer's drawing-rooms on Monday afternoon. The dinner dances will follow several dinners, the guests at which unite for the dance at the residence of each dinner hostess in turn. Such is the idea of the dinner dance which is now under consideration.

Society at the Capital.

MEMORABLE indeed have been the functions of which the dining-room of the Russell House has been the scene, but it is doubtful if any of them will be longer remembered than the banquet given on Tuesday evening to His Excellency the Earl of Aberdeen by the citizens of Ottawa. It was a representative banquet, too, members of all classes, all creeds and all nationalities being gathered there to do honor to the man who, during his term of office, has so closely identified himself with everything associated with Canada. The room presented a most attractive appearance, draped, as it was, with many flags and tastefully arranged with potted plants. The table, in the form of a St. Andrew's cross, was decorated with quantities of beautiful flowers. Chief Justice Sir Henry Strong was to have presided, but in his unavoidable absence Mr. Justice Taschereau, the senior member of the Supreme Court, occupied the chair instead. On his right was the guest of the evening, and on his left the Prime Minister. A guard of honor from the G. G. F. G. was formed up outside the building, and the band of the regiment played in the corridor during dinner. No ladies were at the dinner, but the wives of the Cabinet Ministers and Supreme Court Judges were invited to meet the Countess of Aberdeen at 9.30. The little alcove from where Lady Macdonald so often watched important banquets, was arranged for Lady Aberdeen's occupancy. Space forbids a list of the guests, but present among others were: the Cabinet Ministers, the members of the Judiciary, civic dignitaries, the local Members of Parliament, many prominent citizens, a number of journalists, and innumerable others who have no special designation.

Mr. Brown-Wallis and his sister expect to leave on Wednesday for Toronto to attend the ball to be given by Mrs. Somerville. During their stay they will be guests at Athelstone, which will have quite a large house party during the week.

Mrs. Hamilton, wife of His Lordship the Bishop of Ottawa, is in Hamilton staying with her daughter, Mrs. Kerwin Martin.

On Friday next at four o'clock the first of a series of lectures to take place during the winter under the auspices of the May Court Club, will be held. The lecturer is Dr. Dawson and the subject A Talk on Tennyson. Miss McLeod, the superintendent of the Victorian Order of Nurses, is to shortly give several lectures on Home Nursing.

Mr. Caulfield and Miss Caulfield are in town on a visit from England to Sir Sandford Fleming.

In honor of Lord Herschell, Sir Louis and Lady Davies gave a very smart dinner party on Tuesday of last week. The guests included Mr. Justice and Mrs. King, Mrs. and Miss Fielding, Lady Marjorie Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. Courtney, Miss Scott, Miss Burbridge, Miss Gourdeau, Major-General Leach, Colonel Dalron, Capt. White, R.N., and Mr. Erskine. It is announced that Her Majesty has been pleased to approve of the appointment of Mr. Arthur Guise as comptroller of Lord Minto's household. This is the position which Mr. Erskine has filled so well with Lord Aberdeen.

Mrs. Robert Cassells left on Tuesday for Toronto, where she will reside in future. Mrs. Cassells' daughter, Miss May Cassells, sails for Italy this week with her aunt, Mrs. Greenshields of Montreal.

Mrs. Thomas White and her two daughters left on Monday for Toronto, where they will spend the winter months.

Canadian society will learn with interest of the engagement of Lady Isobel Stanley, only daughter of Lord and Lady Derby, to Mr. Gawthorne-Hardy, Lord Medway's second son.

Miss Violet Jones left this week for Toronto, where she will pay a lengthy visit to Mrs. Foulkes of College street.

His Honor the Lieut. Governor of the North-West and Madame Forget spent the first part of this week as guests at Rideau Hall.

Quite a number of Ottawans arrived in town this week from travels abroad, having sailed on the Dominion from Liverpool. Mr. and Mrs. Philpotts, Miss Moylan, Madame Coursoil and Miss Sparks are among the number.

Although it has been whispered about for some time, the engagement is just announced of Miss Gwynne, daughter of Mr. Justice Gwynne, to Mr. Collingwood Schreiber, C. M. G., Deputy Minister of Railways and Canals. The wedding is to take place this month.

Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier entertained at dinner on Saturday evening the Governor-General and the Countess of Aberdeen, Lady Marjorie Gordon, His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mme. Forget, Mr. and Mrs. L. David.

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They have decided this season to open up their Exhibit of Calendars, Cards and Booklets much earlier than usual, so that their customers may have time to look them well over before the Christmas rush commences.

The Art Gallery will be open from Monday, the 7th of November, and all lovers of the artistic are invited to see this display.

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A. E. Finest, Mgr.

of Montreal, Mr. Chevre of Paris, and Mr. Erskine. After dinner His Excellency presented a loving-cup from which all present drank, to Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier, as a mark of the high regard in which His Excellency held the Premier and his charming wife.

Ottawa, November 1, 1898.

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In white or flesh tints. Looks perfectly natural and beautiful, does not give one a cold blue tint, is entirely harmless, and remains on until washed off. \$1.00 large bottle.

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Now and then you will find a grocer who doesn't sell it, but such cases are rare. P. Codou is the name—you should

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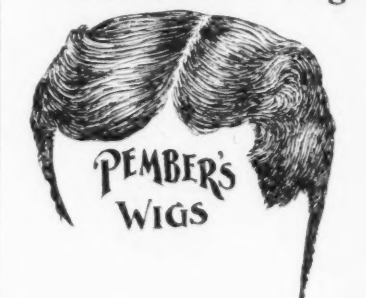
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A RECORD PASSAGE

By EMMA E. HORNIBROOK.

THE great steamer Cameronia had left the wharf in New York with her usual complement of passengers. Some were habitual pleasure-seekers with recruits about to visit Europe for the first time. There were buyers for foreign markets, intent only on business, and millionaires courting sea-breezes and a new sensation. No matter of what class, creed or profession, each, even on this first day out, was finding his or her own level and attracting its like to itself. The time when entire unconvictionality and a feeling of universal brotherhood prevailed on board passenger ships, with but a plank between humanity and death, had passed, and a new era hailed the advent of ocean palaces.

Two gentlemen, hitherto strangers, stood leaning over the side. One was a man whose personality made itself felt, though it might be hard at first to say in what his strength lay or even decide his nationality. He was past middle age, over average height, with regular features, bronzed complexion, and lean, sinewy figure. The other, perhaps a score of years younger, was a Canadian, tall, handsome, well dressed, with the assured air of one who had measured himself with his fellows and never could be lower than his best.

"Did you say this is your first trip, Mr.?" he enquired.

"Martin," returned the elder. "I came from the other side of the pond."

"I knew you were not an American, as the term goes," was the laughing reply. "There was no doubt of your Western adoption. If you have the misfortune to get sick, we may become better acquainted."

He handed his companion a card with the address:

Fenton Clyde, M.D.
Ottawa.

Mr. Martin bowed, then offered a few words.

"My sister and I came to the United States many years ago. Jane"—to a very handsome woman who stood near—"let me present a fellow-traveler, Dr. Clyde of Ottawa—Miss Martin."

Just at that moment two ladies appeared on deck and came towards the little group. They were unmistakably English and mother and daughter. The younger was tall and erect, walking with an easy but dignified carriage, which was the result of perfect symmetry and never could be attained by training in any school. The eye was first attracted by the splendid grace of her figure, and then went to a face where the prevailing expression was a winning sweetness. No one thought of the slightly aquiline little nose, of the color of the rounded cheeks, not dazlingly fair or rose-tinted but of a light, healthy brown. The full gray eyes, with their childlike candor, and the sympathetic lines of the mouth formed an irresistible charm. Dr. Clyde's gaze of involuntary admiration rested for a moment on his fair fellow-passenger.

"So you have come after all," she said, holding out her hand to Miss Martin. "I am so glad."

"We have talked of you more than once since we met at the Normandie," added the mother, now coming forward. "We did hope, in spite of your hesitation and fears, we might find you on board, and have just had a look in the saloon."

Miss Martin expressed her gratification at meeting Mrs. and Miss Dearing again, and after a few more words began in a low tone to ask permission of the former to introduce their new acquaintance, Dr. Clyde. Meanwhile Martin was explaining to that gentleman how his sister, not having been on the water for twenty-six years, was afraid of the venture, and uncertain of her coming to the last. Looking around at that moment Dr. Clyde was startled to see an expression almost of pain and terror on her fine face. The eyes seemed to behold an object of dread, invisible to others. Instinctively he withdrew his gaze, and when he looked again the troubled impress was gone.

Miss Dearing was a good sailor. In her heavy skirt and with a reofer closely buttoned, in the collar of which her chin nestled, not white enough to be compared to a sea-bird's breast, but as if it was a tender thing and claimed protection, she chatted freely with the captain, or paced the deck with Mr. Martin or Dr. Clyde, often with both. They grew into fast friendship, these chance acquaintances, thus thrown together. To the older man Geraldine spoke freely of a quiet home life in Ealing, of a thought of removing to Windsor, and occasional visits to the great city. Yes, she loved travel, it had all the charm of novelty, for until the last few years her mother and she might have been regarded as fixtures. Then—then there had come some family changes, and she persuaded her mother to accompany her abroad.

"You do not often go to town?" Dr. Clyde asked.

"No, only on great occasions. It bewilders me and I know scarcely anyone there. Still, I love the parks and museums."

"But how can you enjoy life in such a dull place as Ealing? I knew one who came from there."

"I do not find it dull," she answered with a little hesitation. Then after a moment's pause, as if to determine something with herself, she went on with her usual frank simplicity. "I once taught in a school in Ealing—after my father's death. Of late years, when, through the death of a relative, there was no necessity for this, and the world was all before us

where to choose, my mother and I were frightened. It was then I persuaded her to travel."

The transparent candor of this speech impressed Dr. Clyde deeply. His fancy glanced over the girl's early struggles for independence; nay, for the mere right to live. Orphaned, lonely, poor, perhaps with a mother wholly dependent upon her, yet all summed up so simply in the words "I taught in a school." And now with every appearance of ease, comfort and opportunity for indulging the most refined tastes, able to go where she pleased and do as she pleased, she was not ashamed to acknowledge that she had once earned her daily bread with every force of her intellectual being. To her, honest effort was honorable; wrong doing alone brought disgrace. The end of a light scarf, wound around her neck that day, blew across the young man's arm. He lifted it reverently, and made a motion, instantly checked, to carry it to his lips. Rapidly he contrasted his own early career; adopted by his father's brother, a physician established in good practice, taught his profession, sharing his uncle's fortunes as a partner. "Bring a wife when you please, Fenton," the old man had said. "I am not afraid of your choice." He need not be, for Fenton's choice was made, and every force of a strong nature was set on winning the beautiful girl who trod the deck by his side.

And so the days passed; long, dreamy days, watching the great swell of the ocean, as if it was a mighty heart in harmony with the warm, true human hearts, also rising and swelling, on its bosom. Delicious nights when the stars looked mildly down upon the lovers, now twinkling as if with celestial humor, now still and grave as became the witnesses of life's great changes. Sometimes Dr. Clyde and his fair companion leant out over the moonlit water, their voices hushed and solemn as they spoke of what it symbolized—the unknown and the beyond. Geraldine was secretly gratified by his respect for women; he had known, in his professional life, so many devoted wives and mothers and faithful sisters, he said. Once she quoted lightly for him the Chinese proverb, "There are two good women; one dead the other unborn." To this he answered with a simple directness which made her veil her eyes. "I remember my mother and you are here." Inwardly he answered her quotation by another, saying with Tennyson, "She is no angel, but a dearer being, all dipt in angel instincts." Yes, in these long, idle hours of sweet and unrestrained companionship the girl got at the man's inner nature, and learned to trust him implicitly, not only for honor's sake, but as one before whom was set the noblest ideal man could know.

So day after day passed, yet never a plain word was spoken of what each recognized in their inmost souls. Dr. Clyde felt he could not ask Mrs. Dearing for her daughter on such a brief acquaintance. Enough that she had not seemed to discourage the intimacy. They would meet again; yes, they would meet again.

"We have not sighted the Fastnet Light yet, captain?"

"No, but we shall see it flash up soon. We are making pretty good headway in more courses than one. Isn't that so?"

Captain Henderson turned his eyes, gleaming with fun, as though they were searchlights, upon Dr. Clyde's handsome face. After one sharp look he went on:

"You got a chance to make a record passage, doctor, as well as the ship. The six days out have been too short for you, I guess."

The captain shot a glance at the beautiful figure standing beside Mrs. Dearing, and Dr. Clyde's gaze followed his with a clear light of conviction.

Two hours later the Cameronia's swift progress was temporarily suspended. A huge black shape, with eyes of fire, she lay upon an oxidized sea, the tender from Queenstown swinging at her side. Among the saloon passengers who were going on shore were those in whom we have been interested.

Miss Dearing put on a jaunty sailor hat and Dr. Clyde a derby. Miss Martin, who had a slight cold, was buttoned up to the chin in her ulster, her brother wore his overcoat, and both retained their caps. The lady had twisted around her throat and wore a long fleecy wrap, called "a cloud." Thus attired, she was not afraid to stand on the bridge of the tender, under shelter of its round-house. The captain, a small man with a body like a barrel and a face like a bruised plum, was at some pains to describe each sable land that passed, the lonely light-ship and high forts, the latter guarding the entrance to the harbor.

"That's Spike Island, miss," he said, turning to Geraldine, whose ready interest encouraged him, and nodding towards a low line emerging from the black and white sea. "It used to be a penal settlement, but the Government lately took a notion to station soldiers there instead of prisoners, and now not a soul of us knows it as Fort Westmoreland."

A sharp sound, as of a man's breath quickly drawn in, came from the shadows near the wheel-box.

"What's a-head, Jim?" asked the captain.

"I didn't see nawthin," returned the man at the wheel.

"There was some mighty bold ventures from that prison in its day," went on the skipper, always ready with a yarn. "I remember now, more nor twenty-six year ago, a man gave the wardens the slip."

"Jane," Mr. Martin said in a quiet voice which offered a momentary interruption, "you had better go down to the

cabin. This choppy sea is worse than mid ocean."

"We're only two mile out now," remarked the captain, who was not to be cheated of his opportunity. "Well, as I was telling you, miss, the prisoner was as fine a boy as ever trod in shoe leather, with an arm on him that it was a mortal sin to keep quiet, and a tongue that would coax the birds off the bushes, worse luck for himself! He got to making speeches and the people fairly worshipped him. You see, miss, the Irish think a lot of the old stock, and he was a gentleman born and bred. Well, trouble came of it and he got took. They say he wasn't so much to blame, and it was a case of mistaken identity—that's what them lawyers call it."

The tender was now rounding the island, against which the waves washed with a sullen moan.

"Over that bridge he marched, the poor boy—for he was no more—chained to half-a-dozen blackguards, building dry docks for the Government, against which he had fretted as helplessly as does the tide against that shore."

There was a strange sound as of another wave breaking in a man's throat. Dr. Clyde turned curiously towards the wheel-box, some fancy quickened within him. Geraldine took a step forward and in her eagerness laid her fingers on the captain's arm.

"What became of him?" she asked.

"Oh, poor fellow! it was dreadful!"

"One fine summer's evening, as the convicts were bathing under the very eyes of the jailers, down comes a basket—one of them hampers, you know—drifting bottom side up. The wardens never squinted at it. But when the prisoners came ashore and was numbered, one of 'em was missing."

"Not dead?" Dr. Clyde put in.

"Lor' bless you, no, sir," said the captain coolly; "I'll never believe it. He was a regular young water-dog, and not a stouter swimmer among us. If he could have got out there now—and he might—jerking his thumb toward the low coast-line beyond, 'the rest was easy. Every man jock of the people 'round was his friend, and ships pass at all hours."

"But had he no other friends? No one else to care for him?" questioned Geraldine, a sob breaking her voice.

"He had a sister," returned the captain; "a very handsome lady, as like him as two peas, only two or three years older. She was to have been married shortly, but on account of the trouble it was broke off. Within a year she got her affairs ship-shape, leased the old place, and was off on a sudden. We suppose she sailed from Liverpool, but I don't know nothing for sartin."

There flashed across Dr. Clyde's mind the memory of a look of pain on Miss Martin's face that first day of their acquaintance. He recalled the terror of the eyes with their far-away gaze. Then a stifled sob arrested his attention. Geraldine Dearing was looking out seaward, her face hidden from his view, but he knew that she was crying.

A brig, being towed out of harbor, glided by at that moment, the light at her foremast throwing a passing gleam upon the tender's paddle-boxes. Then other lights appeared from other vessels and the Admiral's guardship, and tier above tier from the water's edge, the illumination of the town mirrored in the tide beneath.

The next day when Mrs. Dearing and her daughter came down to a late breakfast they found Dr. Clyde awaiting them. He had seen nothing of the Martins after their parting the previous night. On enquiry they were informed that the lady was still in her room, the gentleman had gone out.

The sun was shining brightly on the beautiful sheet of water in front of the hotel, the long, low pier stretching away invitingly. Many ships lay at anchor and white sails gleamed everywhere. After a little idling Dr. Clyde ordered a carriage.



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disregarding persistent offers from drivers of other strange conveyances, and they visited some of the beautiful places in the neighborhood. How he wished that their stay in the Happy Valley, one of the points of interest, might have been prolonged. He had to leave for London next day, while the Dearings were lured by the charms of Irish scenery.

Later in the day Dr. Clyde asked Geraldine to walk with him on the promenade quay. The band was playing, and under cover of its music they sat and talked or strolled along in silence, too full of beauty and joy for words. It was in one of their intervals of confidence and conversation that a remark about Miss Martin led to Dr. Clyde's enquiry.

"You remember the sad story we heard on the tender? Did anything occur to you in connection with it?"

Miss Dearing turned a startled glance upon him with eyes that seemed to search his face. Her color visibly paled until it altogether died out of the rounded cheeks. She made no answer.

"It could not have been mere fancy," he went on. "The story tallied so exactly with the little our friends had told us of themselves. And yet I see the mere suggestion frightens you. Why should it? If Martin erred as a hot-headed youth, inflamed by zeal for a doubtful cause, surely he has expiated the offence, not only there—pointing to the island which lay full in view—"but in a hard life out west."

Miss Dearing drew a deep breath, it almost seemed of relief.

"But his sister," she said; "only think of what she must have endured through all the changes of circumstance. Doubtless she loved her country, for her people are such patriots and her old home was dear. And—then, you know, the captain said life was opening before her so brightly."

"A life of love!" Dr. Clyde murmured, his eyes growing moist and his whole face aglow. "And then, when the cup of joy was raised to her lips, to put it resolutely aside or have it dashed away—which? I asked myself last night, 'Was it her loss or gain?' and could not answer. If it was 'love's sacrifice,' and such I have known, her life has not been wholly barren or unblest. We must measure it 'not by the wine drunk but the wine poured forth.'"

He paused so long that Geraldine turned more fully towards him, listening eagerly for more. Seeing this, he went on:

"If not, I pity the man who could let such a woman go; his was the loss. Why did he not follow if he could not detain? Was he craven enough to dread public opinion and the disgrace—for in the sight of the world, you know, it would have been a disgrace to one of unsullied name—of marrying a convict's sister?"

Miss Dearing had averted her face once more, and sat so motionless, her eyes idly following the movements of a passing pleasure-boat, that her companion forebore to rouse her. He recalled her emotion on the tender, and blamed himself for working upon her sensitive nature in the brief but vivid picture he had drawn. The girl was the first to speak.

"It is growing chilly," she said, drawing a light wrap around her and rising. "Mother will be getting uneasy. I must go back to the hotel."

He made some poor pretence of detaining her, but something—he could not tell what—had come into her manner not noticed before. Never was her beautiful figure more erect, its easy dignity more apparent. Many turned to look at her as she passed, and Dr. Clyde was by no means insensible to the general admiration awakened, though she herself was wholly unconscious of it. He tried to bend towards her with a certain air of proprietorship, but it was a failure. For the first time a painful feeling of being set at a distance or disadvantage forced itself upon him, and he was tortured by trying to discover in what he had offended. Had Miss Dearing been a young woman of whims, and not above coquetry, some solution might have been possible.

In response to an invitation, Geraldine paid a visit to Miss Martin's room. She found that lady looking really ill and nervous, her brother having had to go on at once to his ultimate destination. They were to meet in Dublin, in which city they had friends to whom Miss Martin was going in a day or two. She only awaited the arrival of one of them to be her temporary escort. No other explanation of Mr. Martin's sudden and unceremonious disappearance was offered, and Geraldine understood only too well. Then they talked a little on general subjects, wit reminiscences of ocean travel, and man affectionate messages were sent to Mrs. Dearing, with good wishes for Dr. Clyde.

Only in parting, Geraldine expressed her veneration and sympathy by throwing her arms around her friend's neck and holding the lonely woman in a tender embrace. Then Miss Martin knew that the secret of her life was shared. Little she thought that there was a corresponding secret in the heart of her young visitor, most jealously guarded and borne by herself alone.

The Dearings were settled in their home when Dr. Clyde came. Geraldine knew he would, because he had asked and received permission from her mother. She happened to be alone, for which she was profoundly thankful, and the visitor expressed regret at the mother's absence, we have reason to question his sincerity. She had schooled herself for this visit; she had dreaded it, and yet nothing could hinder the desire in her woman's heart to see him once again—if only once again. How kind and true he had been! How secure and at rest she felt under his protection! Would she ever have courage to tell him what he ought to learn?

She did not know the pleasure her eyes expressed, but saw, in spite of her constrained greeting, that Dr. Clyde was not daunted. He might not have previously over-estimated his advantages, but certainly in this, the fateful hour of his life, he needed all that the involuntary look of gladness betrayed.

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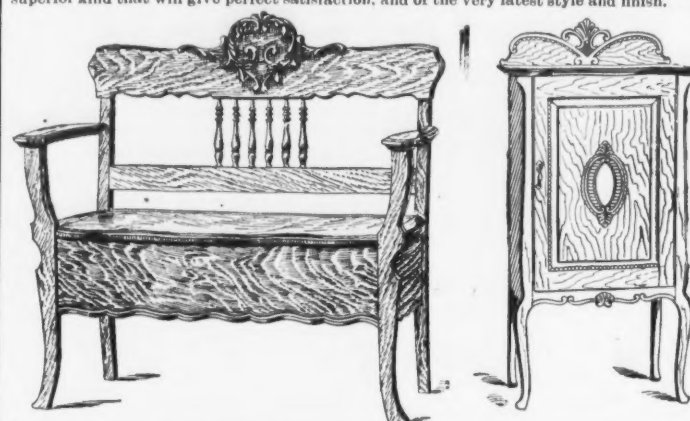
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His avowal was fervid and direct, and Geraldine was deeply moved to see how the happiness of his life depended on her answer. She tried to speak, but words would not come. Covering her face with her hands, she only shrank away in silence. Dr. Clyde had never known anything like the miserable experience of those moments.

At last, with a strong effort at composure, she withdrew her hands, and, raising her head, began in a low, broken voice:

"I am not insensible—if I felt free to take what you offer, oh, it would mean so much to me!"

He extended his arms, but she drew back.

"Stay," she murmured, "I must tell you my secret, a secret which even my mother does not share. My brother was a convict!"

Surprise held the listener silent, and she went on rapidly, as if fearing courage would fail.

"After my father's death there were debts and we were poor. I had one brother and he got a clerkship in London. At first he came home every night, then every second or third, then not at all."

"He lost his situation and disappeared. There came a letter saying he had enlisted and was off with his regiment to the Crimea. He did not write again, and the name of Dearing appeared in the list of the killed."

"By a strange coincidence even the first name was the same, but neither is uncommon. We believed the report. It was then I persuaded my mother to travel. A great-aunt, who had only seen me once or twice, but who altogether approved of my teaching school, had just died, and I

found myself independent. She left all she had to leave, to me.

"It was after our return from a trip to

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Norway that through our rector I received the intelligence that my brother was dying in a prison, to which he had been sentenced for forgery. My mother at the time was ill, and I dared not tell her. Our good rector's wife and a nurse took charge in our home while I went to my brother. It cheered him to find that I had the means of repairing, in some measure, the wrong he had done, which was afterwards effected by my solicitors. He was truly penitent, and found comfort in the words the chaplain spoke. Dr. Clyde, since I have known Mr. Martin's story it has seemed to me as if a man never could get beyond his past; under its shadow must we live out our lives. Others, and this is the hardest part, must enter the cloud with us. Truly it is said, 'Our yesterdays are not dead.' But when I saw the light of hope in the pardoning mercy of Him whose gracious words once sustained another criminal in the hour of mortal agony, I knew there was beyond this freedom of a new life, into which the haunting shadows of past errors could not enter."

She was sobbing quietly now, like a child who had come to an end of its trouble. Then she felt strong arms around her and lips reverently kissing her hair.

"And you thought I would suffer this to part us, my own love. Do not so wrong me. Who am I, who have never been so tempted or led on by evil associates and circumstances, to judge another? Miss Martin's brother needed her; yours has no need. Geraldine, is the wreck of my happiness nothing to you?"

Mrs. Dearing insisted on the marriage being postponed for three months, as, besides the trousseau, there were necessary business arrangements. She was to return to Canada with Dr. Clyde and his bride. Among the wedding gifts was a beautiful painting of the Cameronia, to which a card was attached:

To our late companions de voyage, in memory of the many happy hours spent together.

JANE MARTIN

"It is as I thought," Dr. Clyde said; "they have got beyond their past even in name."

[THE END.]
Worcester, Mass., Oct. '98.

A Glean of Light.

BY MARY SUTTON.

AMAN and a woman sat reading, the one an evening paper, the other an Italian novel. Though the sitting-room was charming and the home one of taste and refinement, the master and mistress were not, and had never been, happy together. Marrying without love, without congenial tastes, years of misery had followed. It had come to be an accepted fact by each that the only way to peace was through the calm association of mere friendship, and a strict avoidance of intense subjects. Their conversation usually resembled a specimen dialogue in a book of instruction in some foreign language.

This evening had been an exception. They had grown interested over a nocturne, and had bent over the piano with their heads touching for nearly an hour. Then they had returned to their reading, after a warm, but laughing debate over the value of a note on the page of music.

The man did not seem to settle easily to his reading. He glanced several times at the woman. She was plain and beyond her first youth, but still slender, graceful and attractive, with a nature more prone to quick, generous impulse than to response. He had seen her thus for many years.

At last he spoke.

"If I leave those envelopes to be addressed will you do it for me?"

The woman peeped around the corner of her book with a mischievous smile.

"Certainly; I'll do anything for you."

The man opened his eyes for a moment, and then dodged behind his paper with an awkward blush.

"Pshaw," he said.

"Dost doubt my truth?" asked the woman, still holding the book half away from her roguish face.

"But will you forget it?"

"No."

They read a while in silence. The man continued to steal surprised glances at his wife's apparently unconscious face. In all the years that he had known her as her husband he did not remember that she had been roguish before. He recalled that once, when she was a girl, he had seen that expression on her face, he had laughed, thinking it rather becoming to her. But since then he had known her sorrowful, despairing, cross, perverse, slipping around the house with a brooding look in her eyes, making him feel keenly that he had ruined a woman's life.

"What does the look on her face mean?"

He recalled the scene at the piano. It was the first congenial and mutual interest they had experienced in years—that eager dispute over the note in the nocturne. He recalled his chair and flushed again, as he shifted their nearness to each other at the piano. They had been close enough, many times before, but then—

It was New Year's night and the hour was late, for presently the blowing of whistles, the tooting of horns and the usual din and confusion which marks the out-going of the old year in New York began.

The woman rose, went to the window, raised it and looked out.

"Turn out the light," she called, over her shoulder. "The streets are brilliant." He came and stood beside her, listening. In the half light she seemed young again. Her hair curled naturally around her forehead, her long hands rested on the sill and gleamed white against its darkness. The body, slender as a girl's, was outlined clearly through the gloaming.

She turned and looked up into his face, her eyes soft but brilliant. He moved closer, and, yielding to an uncontrolled

impulse, put his arm around her and drew her to his breast. She rested so for a moment, while the chimes grew louder. Then she shuddered away from him, her face growing old and gray again. She put out her hands and let them fall again with a bitter cry:

"Oh, it will not do; it will not do. It is too late. It can never, never be."

Her words died away in broken sobs, her figure drooping like an old woman's. She turned and walked slowly out of the room, disappearing in the gloom beyond.

The man stood grasping the curtain mechanically, his lips pressed close together, his eyes on the lights below. Then he sighed deeply, put up his hand, and brushed away a tear.

"For the child's sake it would have been better. No; she is right. Our hearts are dead; we are too familiar. It will never do—now."—*Vogue.*

Friend—Some men are remarkably ungrateful after you have had them elected. The Boss—Yes; the moment some men are elected they begin to think they did it themselves.—*Puck.*

Dubb—In spite of their ignorance, there is one thing in which the densest Spaniard is better learned than the average American. Flubb—What is that, I'd like to know? Dubb—Spanish.

Thrift—The Chuzzlebops beat the world in economy. "What do they do?" "When Chuzzlebop has a cold he doesn't get his prescription filled until his wife gets a cold, too."—*Chicago Record.*

"I was reading somewhere the other day about a deaf-and-dumb golf-player." "Pshaw, that must have been a yellow-journal dream. How could anyone talk

golf with his fingers!"—*Cleveland Leader.*

The tall savage seized the newspaper which the waves cast upon the tropic strand and eagerly pursued it. "Clothing," he exclaimed, coming to the advertisements, "is as cheap as dirt!" "But not so durable," urged the stout savage, who was notoriously inclined to be benighted, not to say reactionary.—*Trois Journal.*

Undoubtedly he was a pessimist. He walked gloomily along, and looked as if nothing could surprise him. His eye fell upon a church entrance, about which there were signs of festivity and good cheer. A large white sign-board was inscribed, in blue letters, "MISSIONARY TEA." "Ha!" muttered the gloomy man. "I wonder where they got the missionary?" and a momentary twinkle gleamed in his melancholy eye.—*Bazar.*

"Yes," said Mr. Jones, when a certain girl's name had been mentioned. "I know her to speak to, but not by sight." "You mean," cut in the prompt corrector—"you mean that you know her by sight, but not to speak to." "Of course you do. You have seen her so often that you know who she is, but have never been introduced to her. Isn't that it?" "No, that isn't it. I never saw her at all to know her, but I speak to her nearly every day." "How can that be?" "She is the telephone girl at Central."—*Harper's Bazar.*

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THE DRAMA

IN the Forum Mark Twain has a capital article making a plea for tragedy as against the all-smothering stream of light comedies that have overrun the English-speaking stage. His article is strong, and although he concentrates his energies upon proving that New York should have a theater devoted wholly to tragedy, yet the accomplishment of that would so greatly influence the stage all over the continent that I quote part of his argument, and think that it will be convincing to the reader. Theatrical entertainments seem to grow frothier every season. "It is right and wholesome," says Mark Twain, "to have light comedies and entertaining shows, and I shouldn't wish to see them diminished. But none of us is always in the comedy spirit; we have our graver moods; they come to us all; the lightest of us cannot escape them. These moods have their appetites—healthy and legitimate appetites—and there ought to be some way of satisfying them. It seems to me that New York ought to have one theater devoted to tragedy. With her three millions of population and seventy outside millions to draw upon she can afford it, she can support it. America devotes more time, labor, money and attention to distributing literary and musical culture among the general public than does any other nation, perhaps; yet here you find her neglecting what is possibly the most effective of all the breeders and nurses and disseminators of high literary tastes and lofty emotion—the tragic stage.

"To leave that powerful agency out is to haul the culture wagon with a crippled team. Nowadays, when a mood comes which only Shakespeare can set to music, what must we do? Read Shakespeare ourselves! Isn't it pitiful? It is playing an organ solo on a Jew's harp. We can't read. None but the Booths can do it.

"What has come over us English-speaking people? During the first half of this century tragedies and great tragedians were as common with us as farce and comedy; and it was the same in England. Now we have not a tragedian, I believe, and London, with her fifty shows and theaters, has but three, I think. It is an astonishing thing when you come to consider it. Vienna remains upon the ancient basis; there has been no change. She sticks to the former proportions—a number of rollicking comedies, admirably played, every night; and also every night at the Burg Theater—that wonder of the world for grace, and beauty, and richness, and splendor, and costliness—a majestic drama of depth and seriousness or a standard old tragedy. It is only within the last dozen years that men have learned to do miracles on the stage in the way of grand and enchanting scenic effects, and it is at such a time as this that we have reduced our scenery mainly to different breeds of parlors and varying aspects of furniture and rugs. I think we must have a Burg in New York, and Burg scenery, and a great company like the Burg company. Then with a tragedy tonic once or twice a month we shall enjoy the comedies all the better.

"Comedy keeps the heart sweet, but we all know that there is wholesome refreshment for both mind and heart in an occasional climb among the solemn pangs of the intellectual snow mountains built by Shakespeare and those others.

Peaceful Valley, notwithstanding its quaint character-sketching and the reputation of Sol Smith Russell gave it, is after all "mushy." There is not enough crust about it. What is there about the slow-tongued Hosea to make a New York belle lose her proverbial self-possession and act like a school-girl? What is there to draw the two together? Hosea, whatever his real merits, could not strike her as an heroic figure. Do New York belles as a general thing feel drawn towards awkward country youths even though the latter have good hearts, a Yankee sense of humor and the works of the poets on the parlor table? Hosea was a fine character no doubt when one got at the core of him, but there certainly was nothing particularly attractive about his exterior. Yet we find Virgie Rand, the daughter of a merchant prince, falling in love with him, almost before she knows that his regular business is not that of waiting on the country hotel table, but cultivating his mind and his "perpendicular farm" in regular turn. The only explanation to an unsentimental person is that Virgie was unaccountably sentimental; that Hosea was unaccountably sentimental; and, as the play progresses, he comes to the conclusion that most of the others are laboring under the same infirmity. Charley Rand, for

instance. It is only necessary to hear the lover-like and entirely unbrotherly way he talks to his sister to be sure of his case. There is, perhaps, but one character whose sentimentality, though profuse, strikes one as being natural, namely, Hosea's mother. Her, the foolish, loving, lovable old thing, with "the hulk of Peaceful Valley on her mind," one can understand. The others are more difficult.

The Cummings Company were so fortunate as to secure this play from Mr. Russell, together with his manuscript parts, incidental music, etc., for the first time that it has been out of his hands. Mr. Ralph Stuart was for two years a member of Mr. Russell's company, and his clever presentation of Hosea at the Princess this week shows that he has caught Mr. Russell's conception perfectly. Peaceful Valley may not be very high art as a play, but as long as Hosea, partly a creature of the author's imagination, mainly Sol Smith Russell himself, is given a show, it will probably be popular.

Dreyfus, poor man, has had a lot of trouble in his time. To begin with, he was born a Jew, which in France is a heinous offence. In France, to be born a Jew is not illegal, perhaps, but injudicious. Next he became an officer in the hysterical French army, which labors under the idea that the honor of France is confined to itself. Then he is so unfortunate as to write letters to a German cousin and is arrested as a spy and sent to Devil's Island. To make a job of it Zola takes him up and the whole nation howls for the blood of Dreyfus and Jews of all descriptions, Zola included. And lastly, somebody writes a melo-drama on him. That is the unkindest cut of all. Even his sympathizers in America are likely to cry in heart-broken French, "Vive l'armée. Conspuez Dreyfus."

It is hard work for a man to distinguish himself in any way now without being seized, bound and thrust into a melo-drama. Sometimes they get hold of the man himself, sometimes they find a caricature or double somewhere. If Dreyfus ever gets out of the clutches of his persecutors we may expect to see him as leading man in a company composed of Zola, Paty du Clam, Picquart, Esterhazy, the Veiled Lady, French mobs, French hysterics and the Marseillaise under the personal management of Messrs. Klaw, Hamerstein & Co. of New York.

Devil's Island, the play at the Grand this week, founded on the Dreyfus affair, was prepared in too great haste. It seldom rises above the melodramatic traditions and the characters are too conventional. Exceptions are the newspaper correspondents and Nina Petrosky, the woman of schemes and intrigues. She rescues De la Tour (Dreyfus) and all ends happily. But it cannot be controverted that the piece has an interest for the public, owing to the crisis in France.

The popular amusement event of the season will be the Kenney-Harvey entertainers at the Pavilion on Thursday, November 17. Mr. Kenney will read that ludicrous monologue, by Dean Howells, The Sleeping Car, while Mr. Harvey will present a budget of new songs. Their military duet that has won such praise in the East will be presented in full costume and with novel effects. Miss Ida McLean, Mr. John E. Turtleton, Will T. Harrison and Chas. Musgrave's orchestra will assist in the programme.

The first event of the season in military society will be their production of Ours at the Princess next Monday and Tuesday, two nights, with the two matinees. Ours is a well known English military play, with a story of heart interest blended with bright comedy, and the play is always dear to everyone interested in British soldiery. The performances are to be given under the distinguished patronage of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and the commanding officers of all the regiments, and all the military of the city, including the 48th Highlanders, Royal Grenadiers and Queen's Own Rifles, will participate. A programme of unusual interest has been prepared for the requirements of Ours. Among the features of the play will be the new physical drill, tableaux, dancers, pipers, camp fire pastimes in the bivouac scene, and a novelty that will prove of great interest will be a genuine rain storm, an effect that has never before been done on any stage. The apparatus has been completed and it is said that its effect will be wonderfully realistic. Ours will be staged with special scenery and the full company appears in the cast. The advance sale has been very large. On Wednesday afternoon and continuing for the balance of the week the Cummings Company will present as their regular weekly bill, Hazel Kirke, a powerful play always popular here in Toronto. Hazel Kirke is a play of the very best kind, and will prove another popular success for this company. The advance sale for Hazel Kirke opens on Friday morning as usual.

A Colonial Girl, a three-act comedy described as a "new play of old New York," was produced in New York on Monday night by Mr. E. H. Sothern and his company. Mr. Sothern plays the role of a Yankee spy. He has married Mollie Heddin, a girl from Greenwich village, out of pique on finding when he returns from England that his cousin and former love, Judith Reusen, has been wed during his absence. Judith still loves him, however, and, insanely jealous of his wife, contrives to make it appear that Mollie has betrayed Godfrey to the British. Fortunately, Godfrey learns of this deception in time to disguise himself as a British officer and rescue Mollie from the designs of Captain Lovelace, a swagging rogue, who has trapped her to his quarters—Godfrey's own house—which, since his flight, the British had seized. Miss Virginia Harned, as Mollie Heddin, shares the honors of the piece with her husband.

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Toronto's favorite opera and popular

success, The Geisha, will be at the Grand Opera House Monday, Nov. 7, for three nights and usual Wednesday matinee. Nothing new can be said of this production. Its coming is very welcome, and as it is probably the last appearance of this opera everyone should avail themselves of the opportunity. Miss Helen Rogdon, Petite Minnie Ashley and Alexia Bassian are a trio of very pretty girls, with unusually good voices. Charles Danby, W. H. Frederick and Leonard Walker are the fun-makers. The chorus consists of young and pretty girls with well cultivated voices. Another feature is the Geisha orchestra which the company carry.

Frank Daniels lost two of his chorus girls last week. He wrote to a New York musical college to learn if a good soprano and contralto could be obtained from the ranks of its pupils. The reply from its manager, a friend of Daniels', read: "I have six capital sopranos and as many contraltos, and all beauties, for you to select from. I'll guarantee that any one will satisfy your ear and eye." Daniels turned the reply over to his manager, Kirke La Sells, who promptly wired the musical college manager: "Send the whole twelve." And, lo! it was done and all were accepted.

Cyranose de Bric-a-brac is the title of a burlesque on Cyrano de Bergerac. It was produced Thursday night in New York, and was written by Harry B. Smith and Edgar Smith. Rostand's drama has been translated into Russian by Mlle. Schepkone-Copernic, into German by Fulda, into Italian by Signorina Lambertini, and into Portuguese by M. de Simoes, the husband of Mme. de Simoes, the principal actress of the Royal Theater, Lisbon.

Mr. Albert Arling Parr, a Toronto boy, is with The Geisha company that comes to the Grand the first half of next week. He has received much praise for his work in the role of Lieutenant Katana. His brother, Mr. Norman Parr, is again with Mr. E. H. Sothern's company, filling the role of Lieutenant Percy in the new play, A Colonial Girl.

Loie Fuller is again the sensation in Paris. She has triumphed at the Folies-Bergeres, which is packed every night. The Figaro praises Miss Fuller's work in a two column article, and says she is the greatest American artist who has ever appeared on the Paris stage.

Albert Hart, known in the theatrical profession as the Third Wang, having followed De Wolf Hopper and Charles Stevens in the title role of that popular little opera, is playing the leading comedy part in Sousa's new opera, The Bride-Elect, this season.

The late Fanny Davenport was leading lady at Daly's Theater in New York before the advent of Ada Rehan. Subsequently she purchased the American rights to Sardou's Fedora, with which she and Robert Mantell, the romantic actor, jumped into fame.

Attalis Claire, once well known in Toronto and famous because of her rivalry with Lillian Russell when both were in the same company, has reappeared after four years' retirement, coming on in vaudeville at Proctor's in New York this week.

Mr. T. P. Thalberg is to be the leading man of Miss Olga Nethersole's supporting company during her American tour. The principal plays in her repertoire are The Termagant, The Second Mrs. Tanqueray, and a piece in three acts by Max O'Rell.

Mr. White Whittlesey does not please the New York critics as the Duke of Osmond in Miss Julia Arthur's production of A Lady of Quality. Miss Arthur received considerable praise for acting as Clorinda Wildairs.

Augustus Cook, who will be remembered as Napoleon in the Toronto production of Sans-Gene, is with Henry Miller's company this season, playing leading roles in Heartsease, A Marriage of Convenience and The Master.

Ralph Cummings has most of his last year's stock company with him at the Cleveland theater, including Harry Glazier, John J. Shaw, George S. Christie, Marie Haynes and Blanche Douglas.

That eminent tragedienne, Janauschek, has at last made the jump to the vaudeville theaters, her first appearance being in New York this week at Proctor's Pleasure Theater.

When London Sleeps has been the attraction at the Toronto Opera House this week. It has been seen here several times before, and has always played to good business.

A Misfit Marriage will be at the Grand the second half of next week. This is the new piece by Du Souchet, author of My Friend from India and The Man from Mexico.

Francis Wilson has made a decided hit in The Little Corporal. The piece is described as full of fun, humor, rollicking songs and soul-stirring music.

Town Topics, a breezy show with three leading comedians, comes to the Toronto Opera House next week. It has been seen here before and is popular.

Dan Daly says Arthur Roberts and Dan Leno impressed him as the funniest burlesque comedians playing in London. He gives the palm to Roberts.

The Belle of New York has been recalled to New York to fill the gap at the Casino caused by the collapse of the Royal Italian Opera Company.

Robert Hilliard is this week at Proctor's Pleasure Palace in New York. Bessie Bonnell appears on the same bill.

Julia Arthur made a hit in Buffalo with her initial performance of Ingomar.

Sporting Comment.

At the Rugby match in Hamilton on Saturday afternoon last, the gate receipts amounted to over \$1,000. Of this sum the Ottawa club carried home about \$400, leaving the Tigers about \$600. If a club plays half a dozen home games and makes from \$100 to \$200 on each, what use is it going to make of the money? There are no salaries for the players, and ordinary expenses can do no more than use up half of the proceeds. What is to be done with the half-dollar paid by me at Hamilton for the privilege of catching my present attack of influenza while standing up to my hocks in mud, with my head wedged between the shoulder-blades of a profane person who held that he could lick me in three minutes? That this person was the victim of a miscalculation I had neither time nor space to prove, and it matters nothing now, but that a man should go from Toronto to Hamilton and pay fifty cents to contract a bad cough and to peer for an hour at a coarse overcoat two inches from his eyes, seems a very poor business, since better overcoats than that can be examined any day for nothing. It would be a comfort to know that the profits from the game were to be spent in draining the jungle where the Tigers play, or in enlarging the grand-stand.

At times the gatekeepers and the police showed almost human intelligence, yet after all it was only the extreme good-nature of the great crowd that made the playing of the game possible. Hundreds of people after paying general admission bought tickets for the grand-stand only to find it already packed full. They were not given checks that they could show, and it may be conjectured that hundreds swarmed into the grand-stand who had no right there, while those entitled to the privilege stood in the mud contending with another horde of Philistines who had swarmed first over or under the fences and then across to the line before the grand-stand. When I reached the box-office it was making the tardy announcement that no more tickets could be sold, but I was told that I could get tickets for the Ottawa section of the grand-stand, and here was a blonde man diligently writing "Ottawa" across tickets and selling them, while the doorkeeper as diligently took up these tickets and ushered the bunched buyers into the mud and multitude within, where without tickets or coupons their identity was lost. But coupons, just then, would have been useless, as the "Ottawa section" appeared to have been a myth, for the whole grand-stand was packed, one section as gaping fools as another. If the whole thing had not been so uniformly mismanaged this might have seemed a case of false pretenses.

But as to the game—for there was a game, although for me it was eclipsed by the profane person and his overcoat—it must have been well worth seeing. The samples submitted to me from time to time were interesting. It was a marvel to see the hitherto irresistible Ottawa forward line held back and a little more by the Hamilton front line. I did not believe that any team in the country could do it. Ripley, Martin and Marshall played beautifully, the first named playing the best wing game I have yet seen. Ottawa won, it is conceded, through its half-back line, and especially through the great work of Harry Southam. DuMoulin failed to work in anything like his proper form for Hamilton, and to go no further, I believe that if he had played his average game without even doing any of those brilliant things that he has often done, the Tigers would have won. In the middle of the second half Ottawa tottered on the verge of defeat. Fox played brilliantly at quarter, but he should not have taken the free kicks himself, for he made the puniest efforts. He was made captain the night before on Counsel refusing once again to be induced to play, on the ground that as he was not in training his presence on the team would be of no avail. But to direct a team requires practice, and Fox had had none. The Ottawa team, indeed, seemed headless, too, and the two huge trunks contended often with more vigor than wit. Southam, Young and McGee, the halves, and Kenny at quarter, played a strong game and needed little guidance from anybody.

Before seeing that game I regarded Ottawa City as away ahead of any other team in the Dominion, but unless they come under better generalship I think it possible that "Varsity" may defeat them. If the college men can put a lot more weight in their scrimmage and wing line. If the forward lines were fairly balanced, and only "weight" is required to balance them, I think "Varsity" might win, not so much on account of the fine work of which the college halves are capable, as that the "Varsity" team is a thorough organization, generalised entirely by one man, and aiming always, every man aware of it, for the execution of some particular bit of play.

The football game at Hamilton last Saturday produced an impromptu anti-Ottawa yell as elegant as the average. Among the Capital city representatives in the grand-stand was an enthusiastic hanger-on who munched the weed incessantly, and, when very excited, spat in a most energetic manner. This brought from a group of sporty Hamilton youngsters, who were bunched up close to the enemy, the remark, "Yes, that's all you're good for, Ottawa. Chew tobacco, chew tobacco; spit, spit, spit!" Young Tom Stinson, who was among them, turned the latter phrase over in his mind for a moment and then out he came with: "Chew tobacco, chew tobacco; spit, spit, spit; Ottawa, Ottawa, spit! spit! spit!"

To-day "Varsity" and McGill will play on the Bloor street grounds at 2:45 p.m., and at Rosedale Osgoode and Hamilton will meet at the same hour. These games will decide first place in the Intercollegiate League and second place in the



An Illustration in Economics

Ontario Union. Both games should be very good ones, and the followers of the game will no doubt divide their patronage.

One of the most interesting features of the Toronto Canoe Club's Halloween smoker was a wrestling bout between Wells and Reich of the Liederkranz. If this means that wrestling is likely to be revived this winter at the smokers I'm very glad. Thompson and Daly were also an interesting item on the programme. Thompson became known as an amateur boxer some two or three years ago, and since his bout with Oliver Brown at the C. W. A. smoker last spring in the Auditorium has enjoyed a local reputation of some size. When he went across the line to become a member of a boxing team in Philadelphia he of course became a professional in boxing as well as cycling. Jack Daly is also well known, and the pair gave an interesting exhibition. The Canoe Club's smoker was a most successful one, and the twenty or more numbers on the programme, ranging all the way from comic songs, recitations and coon dances to a speech from Alderman Hanlan, went through in fine style.

Mr. P. F. Warner, who captained the English cricketers on their tour in Canada and the United States, has written very generously of the teams encountered in an article in the London Daily Mail. He says that the Rosedale wicket was second only to that found at Manheim; that the Ontario eleven made the largest score against his team that was made during the tour; that if J. M. Laing and H. B. McGivern had played our bowling would have been stronger; that Lyon, Wadsworth, Gillespie and Chambers bowled well; that Lyon, Chambers, Marshall and Goldingham batted well; "Chambers in particular playing Winter's lobs as well as anyone we subsequently met;" and that the fielding of D. W. Saunders were specially good. He says in conclusion: "The Ontario combination were the second best team we played against during the tour, the best side being, of course, the Gentlemen of Philadelphia. The batting of the Canadians struck me as being sound right through, and with Laing and McGivern included they would be quite strong enough in bowling." THE EMPIRE.

On the Links.

GOOD for the 'Varsity boys! They have been a little slow about it, but they have finally awakened up and put themselves beyond the chance of looking around some fine day and discovering themselves hopelessly behind in one of the most popular games of the century. Neither do they believe in the fiction that golf is for those who are incapable of playing anything else. Young and strong and healthy, active in football, tennis, hockey, lacrosse and all the other sports in which boys revel, they have stopped to lay out a golf links adjoining the athletic grounds. The field is not a particularly promising one. It is decidedly limited and offers little chance for many Teddy Blackwell drives, but the agitation to have a course shows that the boys are keeping pace with the times. Only seven holes have so far been got in order, and they are naturally pretty rough still, but with their usual push, once they get at a thing, the students will assuredly have a fair footing in the game by next season. Professor Loudon has accepted his election as honorary-president; Mr. Ramsay Wright is captain; Mr. Cameron, secretary-treasurer, and Mr. Gooderham and Professor Ellis are actively working on the committee.

The championship of the Rosedale Club was decided last Friday. The much coveted honor fell to Mr. G. Hawes Muntz, the recently elected captain, who played a splendid game and defeated Dr. Fred Hood in the finals by two up and one to play. Being already

champion of Canada, Mr. G. S. Lyon was expected to add the lesser to his greater victory and score another success, but the unexpected happened, and Mr. Lyon was out of the running before even the semi-finals were reached. Ill-luck danced attendance upon him from hole to hole, and at the eighteenth his score card showed a total somewhere in the nineties, whereas his average round is between 78 and 81. Last week he broke all former records for the Rosedale links and finished the eighteen holes in 73. Dr. Hood has come strangely close to final success in all three of the important events of this autumn.

The women's championship of the Morris County Club was decided last Friday. Miss H. Shelton and Mrs. W. Shippen tied with a score each of 111.

The Ottawa ladies were pretty badly beaten in their match with the Fernhills on the links of the Toronto Club last Saturday morning, but their defeat was expected. The Fernhills have a rather wide and very enviable reputation for strength. None of them play the game that Miss White does—not more than two or three, if that many, on this side of the Atlantic could meet her in an equal game—but most of them play a fairly average round of golf. They could meet any other known team of Canadian women without much fear, whereas the Ottawa ladies are only feeling their way to the front. Their club has not been organized very long, and what skill they possess they acquired naturally, or picked up from each other. Under the circumstances they were exceedingly plucky to accept the challenge of the Fernhills and come so cheerfully to certain defeat, and, considering all things, they did pretty well to be defeated by only 26 holes. On the team from the Capital were: Mrs. Sidney Smith, Miss Sweetland, Miss Scott, Miss Sparks, Mrs. Sparks, Miss Thistle, Mrs. Egan, Miss Gormally and Miss Le Moine. The Fernhill team was composed of: Miss White, Miss Crombie, Mrs. Scott, Miss B. Edgar, Miss A. Campbell, Miss G. Crombie, Mrs. Bolte, Mrs. Irving Cameron and Miss Wilkie. The only three of the visiting team who were not down were Miss Scott, who tied her namesake, Mrs. Scott; Mrs. Egan, who tied Mrs. Bolte; and Mrs. Sparks, who defeated Miss A. Campbell by 8 holes. Miss Ethel White, as usual, won her game as she pleased and left Mrs. Smith 13 down. Mrs. Cameron came next with 9 up against Miss Gormally. Miss B. Edgar was 6 up against Miss Sparks, and Miss Georgie Crombie 4 up against Miss Thistle. The others were 1 up. Miss Mowat's luncheon at Government House after the match was a delightful finish to a most pleasant morning. The members of both teams were present, with the welcome addition of Mrs. Sweny, who has proved herself an ideal president of a ladies' golf club, Mrs. E. Blake and Miss Maud Yarker.

HAZARD.

The Tired Old Woman.

There was an old woman who always was tired. She lived in a house where no help was hired. Her last words on earth were, "Dear friends, I am going. Where sweeping ain't done, nor churning, nor sewing; And everything there will be just to my wishes. For where they don't eat, there's no washing of dishes; And though there the anthems are constantly ringing. I, having no voice, will get rid of the singing. Don't mourn for me now, don't mourn for me never. For I'm going to do nothing for ever and ever." —Ez.

"What do you suppose causes nightmares?" "I think it must be the unstable thoughts that go teeming through the brain."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

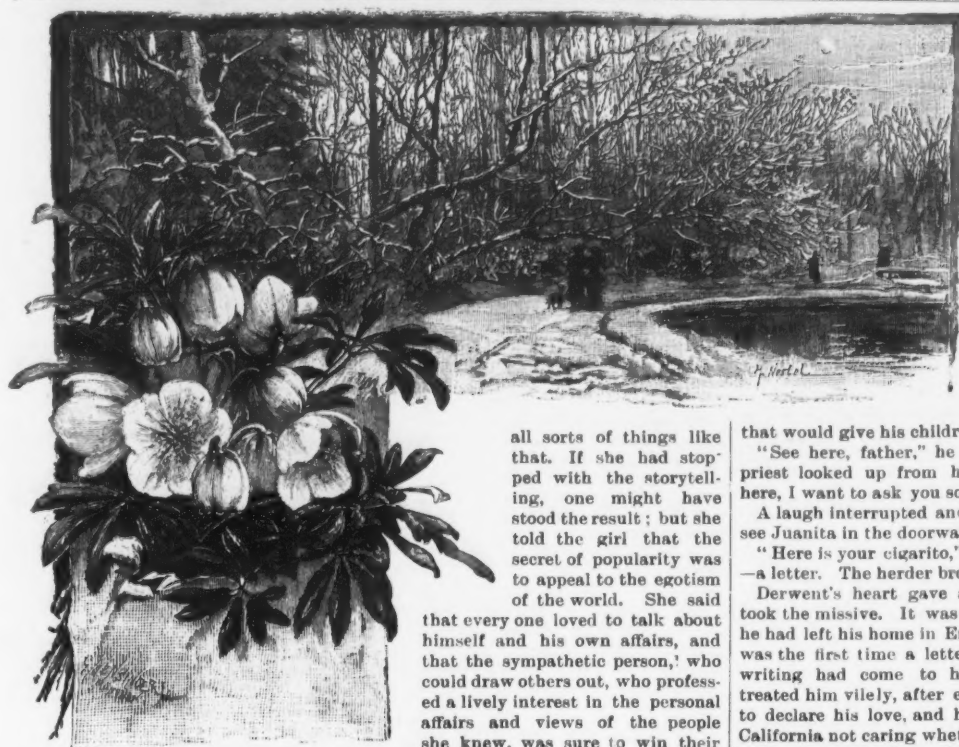
Miss Wellalong—I don't believe half the men are as black as they are painted. Gayboy—No, nor the women as blonde as they are bleached.—Town Topics.

A Sensible Course.

BOZAR.



"I don't see why on earth they eloped. There was no opposition to her marrying Jack." "Not a bit; but, you see, her father gave her \$10,000 to go to Paris to buy her trousseau, and she thought it was a pity to leave Jack behind."



Consolation.

BY A YOUNG LADY WHOSE OCULIST HAS FORGOTTEN HER TO DO ANY READING FOR TEN DAYS.

Bazar.

I may not read; but what of that? I've still my fancy left.
And one who has a fancy is not totally bereft.
I may not see the comic press, but I am not provoked—
I laugh more heartily at jokes that I myself have joked.
I may not scan the magazines, so full of charming tales
That tell of how the hero wins and how the villain fails;
But I've imagination, and I much delight my mind
By conjuring up romances that leave others far behind.
I may not gaze upon the cuts the fashion papers hold,
And see what styles the ladies will be wearing when it's cold;
But what of that? Why should I weep; why should I really care,
When in my mind's eye I can see what I am going to wear?

And for the Social Gospel, why, the press holds naught for me,
For I can well imagine all the news I wish to see.
Like "Jack has made a fortune, and 'tis rumored 'bout the town
He's shortly to be married to [myself] Miss Jennie Brown."

How to Become Popular.

A College Girl who Tried to Make Herself Liked.

TEN Wellesley graduates met at luncheon one day last week. Some of the girls had not seen each other since college days, and there was a mutual and thorough sizing up (says the *New York Sun*). One plain girl, in a remarkable blue gown, displayed great vivacity. She kept up an animated conversation with her neighbors at table, and later she went about buttonholing everyone who came her way and allowing the victim no chance to escape. When she finally made her *adieu* and disappeared through the door, three girls, who were still left, sank back into their chairs and looked at each other blankly.

"What on earth has happened to Mary Smith?" said one of the group in awe-struck tones. "She used to be a nice, quiet sort of girl at college, not much fun, you know, but inoffensive. Now she talks so fast she can't stop for breath, and she can ask more questions in five minutes than I could answer in an hour. She sat beside me at luncheon, and she didn't let me eat a mouthful in peace. She asked me what I'd been doing and what I was doing and what I intend to do. She enquired about my religion and my politics, and my tailor and my salary and each member of my family. It was the most exhausting thing I ever went through."

"She cornered me over there, by the piano, and put me through the same sort of an ordeal," said a second girl.

"She knows more about me now than mother does," sighed the third girl. "And yet it's a funny thing. She didn't seem exactly inquisitive and curious. You'd think she had to do it, but didn't care much about it." The hostess smiled.

"It is funny," she said, "but I know all about it, and I call it downright pathetic. She told me about herself one day. You know she was clever at school, took prizes and all that, but she never made friends. I don't know why it was, but girls never cared about her, and it seems she worried awfully about it. She didn't care about prizes, but she was simply crazy to be popular with the girls and teachers, and she tried so hard, but she never made one real friend in the school."

"After she left school she came home, and she didn't have any better luck in that life. She has a sister who is a perfect duck—one of the delicious, bright, dimpled sort—and the mother and brother adore this pretty sister, and are good to Mary, but that's all. She went around everywhere with the sister, and no one ever paid any attention to her. Not that people were unkind, you know, but she didn't interest them."

"At last she heard about a woman up-town who trains girls for society, teaches them all kinds of arts and graces and makes howling belles of them. Mary didn't say anything about it, but she went up there and arranged for lessons. The teacher drilled her in walking, and sitting, and fanning, and smiling, until she is as unnatural and affected as a jointed doll. Then she told her that she wasn't vivacious enough—that she must talk and sparkle, and she had her learn stories and tell them and do

all sorts of things like that. If she had stopped with the storytelling, one might have stood the result; but she told the girl that the secret of popularity was to appeal to the egotism of the world. She said that every one loved to talk about himself and his own affairs, and that the sympathetic person, who could draw others out, who professed a lively interest in the personal affairs and views of the people she knew, was sure to win their

liking and interest.
"Mary swallowed the theory whole. I dare say there is a good deal of sense in it; but the sympathetic interest needs to be very tactfully displayed, and Mary has about as much tact as a stone wall. The teacher gave her the principle and let the application to her, and the poor girl thinks she's on the broad path to her heart's one desire. She's enthusiastic over her new theory; and she makes out lists of questions that could be used on anyone, and others that are applicable to certain persons—artists, musicians and authors. She's so eager about it that she starts right in the moment she meets anyone and pumps up questions until the victim escapes. Shame, isn't it? I suppose when she confided in me I ought to have labored with her; but she seemed so pleased and happy that I just shook my head and said nothing."

The three girls tried to look sympathetic, but all subsided into giggles.
"Well, that teacher ought to be suppressed," said the one who had suffered most.
"If she should let many such pupils loose on society the plagues of Egypt would be nothing to it," said another.

The Old Maids' Club.

IN Zangwell's book of this title are found some notable sayings, among many the following: The husband is the only creature entirely selfish. He is a low organism, consisting mainly of a digestive apparatus and a rude mouth. The lover holds the cloak; the husband drops it. Wedding-dresses are webs. Women like clinking robes; men like clinging women. The lover will always help the beloved to be helpless. A man likes his wife to be just clever enough to comprehend his cleverness, and just stupid enough to admire it. Women who catch husbands rarely recover. Marriage is a lottery; every wife does not become a widow. Wrinkles are woman's marriage lines; but when she gets them her husband will no longer be bound. The woman who believes her husband loves her is capable of believing that she loves him. A good man's love is the most intolerable of boredom. A man often marries a woman because they have the same tastes, and prefer himself to the rest of creation. If a woman could know what her lover really thought of her she would know what to think of him. Possession is nine points of the marriage law. It is impossible for a man to marry a clever woman.

Conscience vs. Heart.

RATHER ENRICO sat opposite and smoked his pipe, while Derwent stared at his guest without speaking, and deliberated.

For some time Derwent had been meditating taking a step that would cost him nothing but which might mean a great deal to Juanita. That dusky beauty had nursed him back to life some six years ago, and had been rewarded with the gift of the big, fair Englishman's love and himself as the father of four dusky miniatures of herself. And, while Juanita was no longer the slim, bewitching girl of years before, she was still worth regarding for her faithful adherence to Derwent.

The rush of recollection was so strong that he could not resist the inclination to tell all to the priest, who, though he had often been the ranch's guest, had never been asked to act as father confessor before.

"Roll me a cigarette," called Derwent to Juanita, "while I tell the padre our little romance."

The story may not have been a new one to Father Enrico, but he listened sympathetically while Derwent told how the herders had brought him, almost a corpse, to the ranch of Juanita's father. They had found him in a trail almost impassable which he had essayed to climb. Juanita had saved him by unrelenting nursing and then had gone away with the big, fair Englishman who called her "Mi flor" and praised her eyes—had departed without bidding her kind father adios. Juanita's father had a husband picked out for her, an old senor don who owned a neighboring ranch. Derwent was quite different. The two had lived together on the Englishman's domain ever since their elopement, and though his ranch was smaller and less productive than her father's, and she had to perform practically the duties of a servant, she had never been anything but happy. Sometimes Derwent was cross and irritable and instead of "Mi flor" he called her less attractive names; but she always

forgave him and bade her four little girls obey and love their father.

Derwent's conscience had been troubling him lately. Every time the padre came to the ranch, the conscience began to prick, and Derwent had about made up his mind to do the right thing, take the step that would give his children legal status.

"See here, father," he began, and the priest looked up from his pipe. "See here, I want to ask you something."

A laugh interrupted and they turned to see Juanita in the doorway.

"Here is your cigarito," she said, "and a letter. The herder brought it."

Derwent's heart gave a flutter as he took the missive. It was six years since he had left his home in England, and this was the first time a letter in that hand-writing had come to him. Nell had treated him vilely, after encouraging him to declare his love, and he had come to California not caring whether he lived or died. Juanita had saved him.

He gazed curiously at Nell's writing. It was a loving appeal to come back, that she had never had a day's happiness since his departure, that she had always loved him, and adored him still, but pride had kept her silent. Only:
"I cannot live without you. Come home."

An odd feeling came into Derwent's throat, and the picture of the fair English girl who had sent him into exile rose before him. There was the little dark woman standing in the doorway, the mother of his four children.

"Well?" questioned Father Enrico, "you wished to consult me about something?"

Derwent looked at the letter again, then he crushed it into his pocket.

"Come here, little one," he said to Juanita. "Light my cigarette for me."

He would not decide in a hurry.—*Sarah Williamson, in Boston Courier.*

An Encounter With Indians.

Bazar.

"NOW this matter of being scalped by the Indians," said the young man from the West who was striving to please, "is really not so serious as you might suppose. I was myself once scalped by a large and experienced Sioux chieftain, still, you see, here I am."

"Do tell us about it," said the earnest young woman with a weakness for improving her mind.

"Well, it was several years ago, and I was living in a little Wyoming town on the extreme edge of civilization. The Indians had been in a state of mind for some time and had been ghost-dancing and carrying on generally. A few of us young people were giving an amateur theatrical entertainment on the night of the uprising, and—"

"No wonder they rose," interrupted the experienced man.

"But they weren't in the audience, you know," explained the visitor from the West. "One man who was, though, went home, and that night had the

most distressing dream of his whole life, so he said."

"He dreamed about the Indians, I suppose," returned the earnest young woman.

"No; dreamed he went to our performance again. Well, we had just rung down the curtain—or got it down somehow, you know an amateur curtain always sticks—when the savages came up whooping like sixty. At first we thought it was applause, and we warped up that pestiferous old curtain again and prepared to repeat the closing tableau. When the audience saw it they just stampeded—preferred taking their chances outside with the Indians, you see. Well, they got out, and by this time we saw what was up, so we rushed out a side door too. Somehow the others were better runners than I was, and I found myself the last to go tearing across the open space which lay between the school-house where we were and the main part of the town. Old Chief Man-Afraid-of-Drinking-Water was close behind me. Suddenly I stumbled and fell. That noble old savage whipped out his scalping-knife and scalped me as I lay there on my face. He straightened up and gave a hideous yell of triumph. I got up, and says I, 'Now that you've got what you wanted go 'way and stop making a fuss.' Do you know, I was so cool about it that it completely flabbergasted those heathens, and they went off. When they got it into their benighted intellects a month or two later that I had been cast for an old man's part in the play, and was wearing a wig, they were the maddest band of braves west of the Missouri river."

Repose in Women.

Men Detest Fussiness and Lack of Composure.

IF there is one quality that man likes more than another in woman it is that of repose. Nothing succeeds like success; nothing makes happiness like happiness, or discontent like discontent; so nothing begets and invokes repose like repose. One absolutely reposeful woman can do more to make things run smoothly, run with little or no friction, for those with whom her life comes in touch, than all the gods ever set up by men.

Three women entered a tea-room in Fifth avenue, New York, the other day, and one of them gave the other two quite a talk on the subject of repose (says the *Sun*). After criticizing her companions, a girl and a matron, for their fidgety ways and mental unrest she grew more serious.

"Let me tell you two a secret," said the woman of the world in a confiding voice.

"Repose is a trump card for any woman to play who wishes to win men, and with it she can chain them to her forever. Then, too, it does more to keep her who possesses it young than the waters of the fountain of youth, or all the complexion specialists in the world could possibly do. And it is such a comfort to be reposeful. The composed, calm woman always comes out first best in any difficulty, and there is such a feeling of satisfaction in having kept quiet when a storm is over. When I was young I didn't have an atom of tranquillity in my composition. My pettish, fussy, erratic, unexpected ways were all funny and amusing enough to older men when I was still quite young and attractive enough to younger ones for me to be quite a belle, but as I moved along toward the thirtieth notch in my life I noticed that I had very little attention from men, young or old. An old woman who was a belle up to the day she died gave me the clue to my waning popularity. She said that though

I was a bright, intelligent, interesting girl, I disquieted men by my lack of repose. She explained that men, after reaching a certain age, cared only for women who could rise above the petty annoyances of everyday life; who could, in thought, manner and speech, transport themselves above the commonplace happenings that do not really matter or that cannot really be helped, and she advised me to cultivate a spirit of tranquillity. I did, and in a few months I concluded that most women, during their life, have a great many troubles, most of which never happen. Why, success or failure can be predetermined by a mental mood, and I tell you from experience that the women who are quiet and composed are the most successful women in the home, in society, and in the workaday world. Philosophers tell us that real power is in silent moments, and I take it that means tranquil moments."

"But repose suppresses the spirits, enthusiasm, enjoyment," interrupted the matron.

"Not at all," answered its advocate. "I think a tranquil demeanor intensifies the sense of enjoyment. I know it has in my case, and it certainly gives man a chance to enjoy more and suffer less in his daily life. The earning of a livelihood for a family is no small undertaking, and the man who assumes that responsibility, be he rich or poor, makes a sacrifice. He travels a hard row, and if his wife and daughters are flighty, fussy women who do not know how to avert friction or to take no notice of it if it comes, then he is to be pitied. Repose of mind and manner is not only a charming thing in a woman, but a distinct duty."

"I never thought of it in that light before," remarked the girl as she settled back in her chair in the most restful attitude.

"Nor I," responded the nervous matron thoughtfully.

Quebec City's Big Idea.

QUEBEC City has experienced an idea. It is a good one and we hope that it can be carried into execution. The proposal is to get up for next Queen's Birthday (May 24) a great military and naval demonstration at that historic city—not a mere show, but, under control of the Canadian militia, some big field manoeuvres culminating in an attack by land and water on Quebec. The *Telegraph* of that city makes the proposal look very fine indeed, and we have only to say that if the thing is to be done at all it might be well done and on a national scale—conferring a vast benefit upon the Canadian militia. It is pointed out that Quebec has historic battlefields for manoeuvring on, and accommodation for large bodies of troops in the citadel, the drill-shed, the exhibition buildings, the Engineers' Camp and the Levis forts, whilst if the manoeuvres took place say about the Queen's Birthday, before the annual tide of tourists set in, the hotels would be able to accommodate a larger number of civilian visitors than at a later period. The men available, all told, are: Active militia—cavalry, 2,383; artillery, 4,052; engineers, 212; infantry, 28,739; making with the permanent force a grand total of 36,188.

It is surely not expecting too much of the Militia and Commissariat Department to believe that it could mobilize a third of this force between now and the end of next May and concentrate it in and around Quebec, says the *Telegraph*. That would be in itself a useful object lesson for both authorities and men, and would

give us a force of 12,000 men, enough for two fairly respectable corps d'armée, with the assistance of the crews of four or five war-ships which might come up from Halifax. If, however, it is made merely a provincial affair, a force of 7,500 men could be mustered, counting the available men-of-war. As to ammunition, there is a large stock of Snider cartridges on hand that are now practically useless.

It is well known that the annual camps are very tame affairs and that little real grasp of military problems can be gathered by the Canadian militia. But a national camp or concentration of troops at the historic city of Quebec, with manoeuvres on a grand scale, and concluding with a land and water attack on the Citadel—why, this would attract the world's notice and would prove the spectacle of the year. The war spirit in the United States would cause immense numbers to flock over to see.

A Word for War.

[The following is extracted from some lines "To a Worker Among the Poor," contained in Mackenzie Bell's Pictures of Travel and Other Poems. (London: Hurst and Blackett; 3s. 6d.)]

War has its use: sometimes it keeps alive Those qualities that make a nation thrive; In certain minds it checks the love of self; It teaches self-control, and scorn of pelf; Once and again it seems to make for good. By teaching patriotism and fortitude— That love of country flippant scribbles deride As but a folly—but a foolish pride— That love of country which a nation's fame Exalts, whose absence brings a nation's shame. Yet War, alas! not seldom seems to be Only a form of licensed butchery— One of the ills that from our passions spring— The warrior's courage but a puny thing.

Is There too Much Home Life?

MUCH laudation has there been of the beneficent influence of home life, and from the beginning of the activity of women outside of the domestic circle intense has been the melancholy over the necessity that compelled the sex to bread-and-butter-getting outside the family nest (says a writer in *Vogue*). Another aspect of family life is rarely, if ever, touched upon, it being, by common consent, pretended that the beatitudes about home are, of a truth, realized in the life there. No good ever yet resulted from blinking the truth about any human condition, nor is life made pleasanter in this instance by assuming that very close relations between human beings are a guaranty of happiness.

The truth is that every adult human being needs space and privacy, two requirements almost invariably ignored in the family. By space is meant not material dimensions, such as room space, but the more subtle space of atmosphere for individual development. Family jar, rings result, largely, from too persistent propinquity and from differences in temperament. The large majority of people have little or no imagination and they are incapable of making allowance for the idiosyncrasies of others, the result being that they allow themselves to be irritated by the little faults, and great ones as well, which are exhibited in daily intercourse. Men usually escape this irritation as their interests and activities lie far so much of the time outside of the home; and those women, also, who are engaged in professional, industrial, commercial or philanthropic work are little affected by those inevitable minor discords that result from the communion of family life.

It is a fairly safe average rule that the larger the outlook, the more diversified the interests apart from home life, the happier and more wholesome will the life be. The mother and daughters whose world centers around home happenings are usually dwarfed intellectually and morally, since all the breed of mean little qualities flourish in the atmosphere of pettiness engendered by undeviating attention to small things. The irksomeness of family life is felt at times by all, but few realize that one of the principal contributing causes is the cramped quarters into which individuality is thrust. Room to grow there should be in the family, interests outside of the family should there be; then and not until then will the new fictions of home life develop into facts.

The Day in Paris.

BETWEEN eleven and one o'clock Paris lunches. Now woman of style "dresses" before luncheon. Her toilet has a hurried air. The clothes are plain and convenient; they would not be out of place on the top of a tram-car. At three some ladies begin to think of war paint. The *toilet de ville* may be mannish, with, however, a fashionably cut skirt. It is good to wear at a Sorbonne lecture, in running through the Louvre galleries, or in making a call on the other side of the Rue de Rivoli—Côte du Jardin, as they say in the theaters. Art solicits the fashionable *élegante* on one side of the street, and nature on the other. The half-mannish attire is also good for a visit to the *chironancienne* or the *cartomancienne*. Mater-familias, with blooming daughters under her wing, should on no account take them to these pythonsesses. The professional peerer into futurity is too often the excuse for going into houses that are not visitable. At seven o'clock dress and manners change in the *monde*; shoulders are bared, hair is dressed by a professional *coiffeur*, and beautifully equipped for conquest. The manner and speech are less free than from two or three to five. The husband is a free man throughout the day. He is his wife's slave from seven until her social evening circuit is accomplished. This round may include some gala dinner, the theater or opera, a drawing-room concert, a reception or a ball. Monsieur may quit Madame's carriage at the door of his club and tell the coachman to drive her home. He has regained his liberty, and she on her side is free.

Yu Li is the name of Li Hung Chang's successor. He seems reasonably well fixed, so far as name goes, for diplomacy.—*Richmond Times.*



A BLACK ANDROMEDA.

STEAMSHIP SAILINGS.

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

New York, Southampton (London) Bremen

Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Nov. 15; Trave, Nov. 22; Kaiser Friedrich, Nov. 29; Lahn, Dec. 6.

Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, largest and fastest ship in the world.

First saloon, \$75 up; second saloon, \$45.75 to \$60.

New York—Bremen

H. H. Meier, Nov. 17; Karlsruhe, Dec. 1

Barbarossa, Nov. 24; Germania, Dec. 8

MEDITERRANEAN NORTH GER. LLOYD

HAMBURG AM. COY

Lv. New York. Ar. Gibraltar. Naples Genoa.

Nov. 12, Kaiser Wm. II Nov. 27 Nov. 30 Nov. 25

Nov. 19, F. Bismarck. Dec. 4 Dec. 7 Dec. 1

Dec. 3, Kms Dec. 18 Dec. 21 Dec. 16

Dec. 10, Aug. Victoria Dec. 25 Dec. 28 Dec. 23

Dec. 17, Kaiser Wm. II Dec. 26 Dec. 29 Dec. 20

Dec. 24, Kaiser Wm. II Jan. 1 Jan. 4 Jan. 29

Jan. 1, F. Bismarck. Jan. 8 Jan. 11 Jan. 6

Jan. 8, Kaiser Wm. II Jan. 15 Jan. 18 Jan. 13

Jan. 15, Kaiser Wm. II Jan. 22 Jan. 25 Jan. 20

Jan. 22, Kaiser Wm. II Jan. 29 Feb. 1 Feb. 27

Lv. New York. Ar. Gibraltar. Naples Genoa.

Jan. 4, F. Bismarck. Jan. 19 Jan. 22 Jan. 17

Jan. 11, Kaiser Wm. II Jan. 26 Jan. 29 Jan. 24

Jan. 18, Kaiser Wm. II Feb. 2 Feb. 5 Feb. 31

Lv. New York. Ar. Gibraltar. Naples Genoa.

Jan. 4, F. Bismarck. Jan. 19 Jan. 22 Jan. 17

Jan. 11, Kaiser Wm. II Jan. 26 Jan. 29 Jan. 24

Jan. 18, Kaiser Wm. II Feb. 2 Feb. 5 Feb. 31

Lv. New York. Ar. Gibraltar. Naples Genoa.

Jan. 4, F. Bismarck. Jan. 19 Jan. 22 Jan. 17

Jan. 11, Kaiser Wm. II Jan. 26 Jan. 29 Jan. 24

Jan. 18, Kaiser Wm. II Feb. 2 Feb. 5 Feb. 31

Lv. New York. Ar. Gibraltar. Naples Genoa.

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Anecdotal.

When the late Professor Henry Drummond was giving a course of lectures on Evolution in the Lowell Institute, he overheard two women, evidently much opposed to his views, discussing them. Finally one of them said: "Mary, if what he says is not true we can stand it. But if it is true we must hush it up."

An English paper says that the hat of a certain short-sighted master at Eton blew off one day, and as he started in pursuit a black hen dashed out of the gateway. The school-master saw the hen, and thought it was his hat, and all Eton was electrified by the spectacle of a hatless and breathless reverend man hunting a black hen from one end of the street to the other.

In the time of Nicholas the First (writes Prince Kropotkin in the *Atlantic*) soldiers were trained to perform almost inhuman tricks with their legs and rifles to break the wood of the rifle into pieces while presenting arms was one of those famous tricks, and the good officer was he who could show on a parade a row of soldiers as perfectly aligned and as motionless as a row of toy soldiers. "Very good," the Grand Duke Michael said once of a regiment, after having kept it for one hour motionless, presenting arms, "but they breathe."

In the days of the public worship regulation act in England, Sir William Harcourt was invited to visit Lord Beaconsfield, at Hughenden Manor. On Sunday the young politician accompanied his host to the village church, and on the way thither was warned that some hints of the High Church movement had penetrated even that sylvan solitude. "My friend, the vicar," said the lord of the manor, "will take what I call a collection and he calls an offertory, and afterward what I call a plate and he calls an alms dish will be placed on what I call a table and he calls an altar."

Spurgeon once passed a stonemason, who, after each stroke of his hammer, cursed and swore. Mr. Spurgeon laid his hand on his shoulder, and, looking kindly at him, said: "You are an adept at swearing. Can you also pray?" With another oath, he replied: "Not very likely." Holding up five shillings, Mr. Spurgeon said if he would promise never to pray, he would give him that. "That is easily earned," said the man, with a fresh oath, and put it in his pocket. When Spurgeon left, the man began to feel a little queer. When he went home his wife asked him what ailed him, and he told her. "It is Judas's money!" said

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the man, and, on a sudden impulse, he threw it into the fire.

In a country church in the West of England the rector preached with great earnestness for Home Missions, using the text: "Feed me with food convenient for me." As he came down from the pulpit the disturbing thought struck him that he had made no arrangements for the collection. Passing through the chancel he whispered hurriedly to an intelligent choir-boy: "Go into the vestry, take the plate you will find on the table, hand it around to the congregation and then bring it to me." The last words of the offertory had scarcely died away when the boy stood before him, a plate of biscuits in his hand, and an apologetic expression on his chubby face. "Please, sir," he explained, in an audible voice, "I've handed them all around to everybody, and nobody won't take none!"

Several years ago Dr. S. Weir Mitchell of Philadelphia was troubled with a nervous ailment, induced by his unflagging energy. His condition became so serious that he went abroad for a change. In Paris he suffered an attack of the old trouble and went to call upon a certain specialist, a man famous on both continents. He visited the doctor purely as a patient and did not even give him his name. During the conversation preliminary to the examination, the Parisian said: "I see you are an American." "Yes," answered Dr. Mitchell. "I am an American." "Which is your home city?" he was asked, and replied: "Philadelphia." The French physician held up both hands and exclaimed: "What, a man come to me here in Paris to be treated for a nervous ailment when his home is in Philadelphia, where resides the most famous nerve specialist in the world!" "To whom do you refer?" asked the author. "Ah, you have never heard? Why, to Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, of course."

Smoking Ruins.

A Fine New Book.

"I WISH you would talk to the young men who slip away between the dances to smoke, and come back well perfumed with tobacco," said the father of daughters to me at a tea last week. "If the host doesn't provide tobacco, hoping they will take the hint, they come provided, and reeking with its fumes, claim a dance from a girl who is made ill by the odor which nothing can prevent the smoker from diffusing liberally. I never make a howl because other persons' corners are trodden upon. I have a good many men friends who dance, and are polite enough to dance with me, and they don't smell of tobacco, and I have remarked. But I just enquired of a nice boy I know what he thought on this question. 'Lots of fellows do smoke between the dances,' he said, carelessly. 'I don't, for I don't think girls like it.' I told you he was a nice boy, but if he had said, 'Oh, such rot; girls are always howling over something. My partners don't mind a whiff of smoke!' I shouldn't have told you so. That is what the second young man said, and it may be that his partners can't afford to be particular, or have not a delicate sense of smell. I think I should rather be one of the first boy's partners, shouldn't you?"

The other day a wedding was arranged between a man of strong and sensitive feelings and a girl who had become addicted to the seductive cigarette. The man made the girl promise to give up smoking. Sounds like the wrong end of a story, does it not? The rooster-pecked instead of the hen-pecked. Upon the marriage day the worries of preparation so worked upon the nerves of the bride-elect that she recklessly determined to soothe the ruffled system with a final smoke. Probably she thought it was so nearly a go that a puff or two of smoke wouldn't matter. She reached the altar in bridal array, followed by all the pomp and circumstance of nuptial parade. The groom drew near, love beamed from his eyes, when his sensitive nose (shade of Cyrano de Bergerac) received a shock which shattered faith, hope and charity at once. Love fled, and in his place red anger sat. He sniffed once more. "You've been smoking," he hissed, and before anyone could stop him he fled from the church. Of course only a man of unusual prejudice, sensitiveness and determination would have risen to the occasion in this manner. It would seem such a trifling thing after considering his case, for a maiden to say gently to her dance partner, "You've been smoking," and to calmly give the dance to a more considerate swain. Before the maiden played such a prank, however, she'd have to be very flush of partners, and valiant enough to risk making an enemy of a man by hurting his vanity. There is no meaner enemy than a man whose vanity you have

wounded and he revenges himself every time he gets a chance so long as the smart and pain last, and they generally last as long as life itself.

The nice boy modified the idea that no young man should smoke between dances by saying it depended on the girl. "A short girl wouldn't discover whether I had smoked or not," said he sagely, stretching his long limbs. As the coming woman is to be tall, he won't have much chance for his four puffs, should he ever fall from grace. Women who smoke defend themselves by saying, "Dear me, you are so provincial to object! Don't you know that in South America every woman smokes, and don't you know that Court ladies on the Continent smoke? In Russia the cigarette-case is as much a necessity to a smart woman as the lorgnette is to one here." There are many habits common to the ladies of Russia and other Oriental parts which I should not dream of advocating here only on the plea that they are allowed in Russia. What women do in South America and in Russia has nothing whatever to do with the guidance of Canadian women. Conditions are different, traditions are diverse. Do you think because it is the fashion in Zulu-land to dress simply and gracefully in a fringed belt of grass and pale blue beads, that we might, even in the hottest summer, take a walk down town or a bicycle ride to the Humber in such a "gown"? Canadian women have their own standard; it is a straight, clean, respectable and dignified one, and if it is lived up to men will honor and appreciate it. There is nothing immoral in smoking a cigarette, but say what you like it isn't up to the standard; there is nothing immoral in the Zulu woman's fringed costume of a grass-and-bead belt, but Canadians have other notions of the uses and beauties of clothing, and no arguments such as one hears on the cigarette question would be advanced in favor of a Zulu trousseau.

Gilbert Parker has astonished me. I have just finished *The Battle of the Strong*. I sat, after reading *The Manxman*, feeling alone in the world, with the salt spray of the sea on my face, and the boom of the surf in my ears, and the breath of the great ocean catching my soul away from quiet into the turmoil and the fury of storm and wave, until I gritted my teeth and felt my muscles growing hard under my skin; so have I sat after reading this book of Parker's about Jersey, and the powerful, simple Jersey folks, with their quaint form of speech, their sheer determination, their unvarnished truth. Guida, the heroine, makes *Glory Quayle* look like a painted woman on a poster. She appeals to me infinitely. The childlike girl, the reasonable brain, the yielding of herself in her ignorance and honesty, the gradual setting right values on things, the unvarying way she held on to a principle once she got hold of it. I love a woman who isn't afraid to live her life alone. There are so few of us! Some man must be made a prop of by nine out of ten of us! But there is that tenth woman for whom there isn't any prop; stress of fate may remove him; he may double up and be no prop whatever; he may never darken the horizon of her life at all, and she may live alone and by-and-by learn how. That Guida does not always live alone jarred me. She was able to, only that man came along who knew the way to win a strong woman by letting her feel she can influence him and be necessary to him. That catches the best of us, if anything on earth will! There are some original characters in *The Battle of the Strong*. Wait until you grasp the human pathetic story of the great fat woman, *Maitresse Aimable*, whose voice got lost in her mountainous mass of flesh, and only rumbled up once in a while. And that other woman, who won her lover, in spite of all, by sheer daring and defying all likelihood and precedent. And the dainty little exiled cavalier, and the very human creature, Philip, who sinned so much worse than he knew, and whose tragic death chills the very marrow. Read it, good people; it will please you, I think! It is published by The Copp, Clark Co., Limited.

LADY GAY.

Books and Shop Talk.

MR. JOHN A. GARVIN of the *Toronto Star* has gone to Ottawa to take the position of news-editor of the *Free Press*. Before leaving, Mr. Garvin was invited to mid-day lunch at Webb's with the Canadian Club, and his associates on *The Star* presented him with a fine silver-mounted briar pipe. Mr. Garvin is well known and very popular in newspaper circles in Toronto, Montreal and Ottawa. It may be remarked on the side that the dailies of the Capital are steadily improving and attracting good men from different directions.

Harold Frederic, the London corres-

pondent who died the other day, left a manuscript story entitled *The Market-Place*, dealing with the corruption among titled directors of English companies. In view of the Hooley confessions or charges the story is timely, and will appear serially in the *Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post*.

The Fall of Santiago, by Thomas J. Vivian, is a very interesting book just published by R. F. Fenno & Co., New York. It is full of illustrations that throw a flood of light on the text. Cloth, \$1.50.

We have received from George J. McLeod, publishers' agent, 5 King street west, the following newly published books: *The Splendid Spur*, by "Q." paper 50c, cloth \$1.25; *The Romance of a Midshipman*, by W. Clark Russell, paper 50c, cloth \$1.25; and *By Right of the Sword*, by A. W. Marchmont, paper 50c.

An Epileptic Sufferer.

A Fenlon Farmer Tells of His Remarkable Cure.

At Regular Intervals he Was Subject to Fits, and Doctors Told Him the Trouble Was Incurable—Now Free From the Malady.

From the *Warder*, Lindsay, Ont.

Mr. Robert McGee of the 9th concession of Fenlon, Victoria county, says in speaking of his cure from this terrible malady: "I am 35 years of age and live on the old homestead where I was born and have lived always since, and where my own little family were born. This part of Fenlon is known as McGee's Settlement, there are so many of that name living in the vicinity. Never in my life did I know what a day's sickness was until March, 1895, when without any known cause and without any warning I was stricken down with an epileptic fit. It came on in the night, causing great consternation in the household, as my wife, who never saw anything of the kind before, thought it was my end; as for myself I neither felt nor knew anything that was going on about me. After coming out of the convulsion, which they tell me usually lasted from fifteen to thirty minutes, I would fall into a heavy sleep from which I would awake with a dull, heavy feeling, and all the muscles of my body would be sore. This would pass away and in a day or two after the attack I would be able to attend to my farm work, but strange to say every four months after as regular as a clock I would be seized with a fit, which always came on in the night. Various doctors and specialists were consulted, and I took several different medicines, but without effecting a cure. Several doctors said the disease was incurable. I read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the newspapers and was advised by friends, who had experienced cures from other seemingly incurable ailments, to try them. In November, 1896, I commenced, and kept on taking them regularly for a year. The dreaded period passed, and passed again and again without a repetition of my trouble, and I felt that I was at last released from this terrible malady. I am now in the best of health, and I attribute my cure to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." In conversation with Mrs. McGee she said that her husband's trouble was the cause of most seriously affecting her nerves and general health, and she was always living in dread and could never enjoy a night's rest. The slightest noise would startle her, and if it had not been for the kindness of a neighbor who always came and stayed at the house overnight, she believed she would have broken down altogether. She also is thankful for the great change that has been wrought, and is only too glad to let others with similar afflictions know that there is a remedy for this terrible disease.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade-mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The most magnificent and costly pearl necklace in the world is said to be owned by the Countess Henckel, a lady well known in Paris society. It is composed of three historical necklaces, each of which attracted attention in its day. One of them, valued at £12,000, was sold to the Countess by a Spanish grandee, and is known as the "necklace of the Virgin of Atokha." The second was once the property of the ex-Queen of Naples, sister of the late Empress of Austria. The third was the famous necklace worn by the Empress Eugenie on state occasions, and sold not very long ago to a firm of London jewelers for £20,000.

"There have been three candidates," says the *London World*, "for the hand of the Queen of the Netherlands—Prince William of Wied, Prince Bernhard of Saxe-Weimar and Prince Harold of Denmark. It is believed that Queen Wilhelmina has decided to select Prince William of Wied, whose elder brother, the hereditary Prince Frederick, is to be married to Her Majesty's cousin, Princess Pauline of Wurtemberg, only child of King William. Prince William, who was born in March, 1876, was staying for some time during the summer at the chateau of Soestdyk, near Utrecht, with his parents, on a visit to the Queen and her mother. The Prince owns large estates in the Rhine provinces and in Westphalia and Nassau.

Beth (listening to a hen clucking to her chickens)—Don't talk so fast, biddy-hen, an'then you won't stutter so, don't you see!—Judge.

"I thought you were going to quit smoking!" "I did—stopped for a day and a half, just to show that I could quit if I wanted to."—*Chicago News*.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

GIRLIE.—You are not too late. I fancy you begin to think I am. Your writing shows tact, sympathy, love of society, susceptibility and appreciation of the arts: humor, refinement, independence and sense of honor.

KATHARINE.—If you wrote on that corrugated and scrappy paper I don't wonder you are waiting for my answer. Your writing is very bright, dashing, and attractive. You have strong artistic feeling and are most appreciative, think a good deal of yourself, are practical, impulsive, and for a short effort very decided. You don't continue so. Enterprise and courage, receptivity, a bit of self-dishonesty, so prettily expressed as to be graceful, are also among your traits.

SILVER.—Indeed, it's a fine study. You should have had your answer, but I hadn't your study. It is an original, forcible and somewhat high-strung and self-willed hand. The writer would probably take things seriously, and adverse happenings very hard. Writing shows tenacity, force, impulse, firm and constant purpose, practical views, enterprise, individuality, strong pessimism. How comes it that so many of you forceful folks are pessimists? If you are jealous, Silver, I pity you and the one who crosses you. You are not a good hand at concealing or controlling feelings.

AVOCAT.—This is a cranky sort of a fellow, but time will probably smooth out some wrinkles. It shows indecision of purpose and expression, which are probably due to inexperience. It might easily be a woman's writing, spite of the *nom de plume*. You are at present an idealist in a small way; rather averse to giving confidence, painfully conscientious about appearances; a nature curbed and confined, it seems to me, with probably force enough to strike out if the opportunity comes. As your enclosure is not the clipping from a private letter and was apparently written for study, I should have delineated it had you enclosed a second coupon.

A. B. C.—I waited till the hot spell was over, you see. 2. Your study shows an impressionable and pleasant-natured person, fond of beautiful and harmonious surroundings, bright and appreciative, of a rather light will power, but then fair goes farther than force sometimes. You can idealize very common clay, have the instinct of the debater, but would be apt to lose on some trivial oversight. Out upon the gift of divination! If you had to memorize one hundred rules you'd know just how it is done. Of course one must be observant, and perhaps a bit smart at it too! Law will suit you very well, but something else may tempt you more later on.

EVANGELINE.—There is good material in you. Your writing is not particularly distinguished except for force and energy. Independence of thought and a good deal of decision are shown. The study is spoiled by being written on closed-lined paper. You have great self-reliance and some idealism; are a strong, bright, but not logical thinker. You are more a doer than a thinker, anyway, and your life would always be a busy, moving one. Study the quiet things of life; if you have no aptness at music let your performance alone. Spend the time and money lessons would take up on other people's performances; good music listened to is a blessing, when poor music performed by you would be a—well, the other thing. Where you live, I suppose, chances of fine concerts are unappreciated and far between.

BEATRICE.—My opinion of professional nurses coincides with the one you express in your letter. There are good and bad specimens, but such a majority of good ones as no other calling boasts. 2. Lady Gay is. Your hope was not in vain. 3. Please read remarks to A. B. C. touching your enquiry. 4. Your writing is an excellent study. A true craftsman in culture in spots, but honest, upright, courageous, sweet-natured and inclined to imagination. You may have some pretty ideas betimes, and you are not lightly moved from your convictions. Bright mentality, and probably corresponding manner, are yours. You like to voice your thoughts and feelings, but would be at the same time discreet and careful. You sometimes are a bit over-forcible and impulsive, but 'tis a good fault when balanced as in your study. Refinement is indicated.

O. MINORA SAN.—So "Two-sers" are lovers. Well, the poets don't divide them like that. "Two hearts that beat as one" seems better than "Two-sers." 2. They did not wear powder in the time of Henry the Eighth. That was a later fashion. 3. I don't know about your idea that people want you to play because they ask you to. It is certainly very sweet of anyone to play without being teased to do so, and your natural gift will probably give more pleasure and be of more use than the studied performance of the pupil of some great master, who overvalues himself. Be that as it may, you are a nice person, adaptable, easy-going, good-tempered, a bit too easily cast down; don't ever let the "blues" get hold of you. Discretion, good sense, firm will, a decidedly forceful and capable nature, good sequence of ideas, and honest, courageous and truthful nature. I think one might rely upon you, and you would make a good friend.

Mrs. Hawsling.—I can't understand how you have ever managed to get along so well, John. It must be luck, for surely you have very little business ability. Mr. Hawsling—I'd like to know what put that idea into your head. Mrs. Hawsling—I noticed when you bought that 40-cent necktie this afternoon that you paid the man his price without making any effort whatever to cut him down. —*Chicago News*.

PACKARD'S

How Different!

Examine a shoe repeatedly dressed with any ordinary dressing and what have you? A parched up, spongy substance, one mass of assorted cracks. Chemicals have been at work there, sapping, burning, destroying. How different the effect of

PACKARD'S

Special Combination Leather Dressing

RUBBET, TAN, BROWN—ALL COLORS.

The Friend of Leather

The Enemy of Cracks.

PACKARD AT HOME PACKARD

MAKES STORES OF IT 25c. MONTREAL.

L. H. PACKARD & CO.

ADAMS'

Tutti-Frutti

AIDS DIGESTION.

FREE. A variety of very handsome and useful presents are sent free for Tutti-Frutti Gum. Get one.

The Windsor Salt Co., Limited

WINDSOR, Ont.

"Where Ignorance Is Bliss"

It's foolish to buy Windsor Salt, but if you study the salt question you will easily see why it's folly to remain ignorant when buying salt.

Windsor Salt is an absolutely pure, dry, refined, crystallized table salt, and is sold at the same price as inferior salt.

The Windsor Salt Co., Limited

WINDSOR, Ont.

EPPE'S COCOA

GRAPEFUL COMFORTING

Distinguished everywhere for Delicacy of Flavor, Superior Quality and Nutritive Properties. Specially grateful and comforting to the nervous and dyspeptic. Sold only in 3-lb. tins, labeled JAMES EPPE & CO., Limited, Homeopathic Chemists, London, England.

BREAKFAST SUPPER

EPPE'S COCOA

Tom from Green's

Tryophena treatment for the head and hair as given exclusively here will stop hair falling out.

FOUR DAYS

We examine heads and hair free of charge. We make Wigs, Ladies' Fronts, Switches, and all kinds of hair work to order.

TOM FROM GREEN'S

349 Yonge Street - opposite Elm Street

The Famous Mineral Salt Baths

OF ST. CATHARINES

For Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Sciatica and allied diseases. For Scrofula and Nervous Affections and Impurities of the Blood. Endorsed by Hare's System of Therapeutics and Allou's System of Medicine. Experienced physicians and attendants in Massage Treatment. Porcelain Baths, Elevator, Hot Water Heating. Apply for circular to MALCOLMSON BROS., The Welland, St. Catharines.

Open the year round

CORN CURE

A sure cure without pain - 25 Cents

W. H. LEE, Chemist & Druggist

Cor. Church and Wellesley Streets

Phot

They are making them change them make them p on a velvet pretty. Call

Also our j

Even

The HIGH

114 K

Studio and Gallery

THE death of Pavis de Chavannes was announced in a despatch the other day. The work of this great artist in mural decoration has had an influence that will necessarily be lasting and of benefit to mankind. It is always difficult to gauge the good that a man does, and doubly difficult in the case of a man such as this, but that he set subtle influences in motion that will always make for good we know. In life he had honors. In dying he has left a legacy of beautiful conceptions to benefit mankind.

It is a long step down from the late Pavis de Chavannes and mural decoration to pictorial post-cards, but the idea is the same—the beautifying of the useful. Would that the mantle of the departed artist would fall on all, collectively and indiscriminately, who have it in their power to make those objects, in which from the constitution of society we are all forced to have a community of interest, as beautiful as possible. In Europe the decoration of the post-card has assumed somewhat serious dimensions. We hope it may prove itself more than a fad, and have come to remain. The subjects chosen are landscapes, scenes of well known places, particularly summer resorts, marines, places of historical interest, national characteristics, portraits of individuals, reproductions of well known works of art, patriotic and ideal subjects. England has one firm proposing to execute three thousand subjects, Norway produces beautiful scenery and costumes; Holland, Switzerland, Germany—to any extent; Japan, Australia, Spain—a few; Portugal, Italy—all are producing beautiful and characteristic cards. These decorations are executed in half-tone, the three-color process, chromolithograph and photogravure. Some are hand-colored, others with various tinted inks.

As to the commercial value of these cards there can be little question, especially in advertising a new country like Canada. As a means of education to the people generally it is in their power to be

J. W. L. FORSTER
... PORTRAIT PAINTING
Studio: 34 King Street West

R. F. GAGEN
Studio—50 Yonge Street.
Miniatures, Water Color and Ink Portraits.

MISS EDITH HEMMING
... WATER PAINTER
has removed her studio to
589 Church Street, Toronto.

PAINTINGS that have been roughly used or have been damaged by heat or other causes artistically retouched and renovated by a skilled artist. Highest recommendations furnished. Call on or write
F. BEALE, Artist, 207 Jarvis St.

PRETTY IDEAS for Photo Frames, Calendars, etc., for painting and pen and ink treatment, and now obtainable at
THE ART METROPOLE (Unlimited)
131 and 133 Yonge Street, and
1, 3, 5 and 7 Toronto Arcade, Toronto

The Many who Visited the "Rex" Studio...

during the week to examine the beautiful examples of photography under the "New Art Light" went away feeling convinced that there is more Art in Photography than they ever supposed. Call at
08 Yonge Street

We Make Photographs
In all sizes and styles. We also have a very choice selection of
Views of the Principal Buildings and Points of Interest in Toronto

PARK BROS.
Telephone 1269 328 Yonge Street

HOUSEHOLD HELPS
While we devote a great deal of thought and care to the artistic requirements of our friends, we do not forget the practical household needs. This we wish to introduce two articles of sterling value, viz.:
JOHNSON'S FLOOR WAX for polishing all hard wood floors, The E. Harris Company's justly celebrated
FURNITURE POLISH used for many years by our leading families and hotels and highly recommended.
THE E. HARRIS COY., Limited
44 KING STREET EAST

ARTISTS' COLORS
WINSOR & NEWTON'S OIL AND WATER COLORS are in constant demand by the best artists throughout the world for superior works of art. For sale at all art stores and not expensive.
A. HANSAAT & SON
Wholesale Agents for Canada.

Photo Buttons
They are the new fad and we are making them. The fashion is to exchange them with your friends. We make them plain or colored and mounted on a velvet shield. They look very pretty. Call and see them.

Also our **Pastel Photos**
Everything first-class.
The HIGH GRADE ART STUDIO
114 King Street West

also very helpful, bringing constantly before the mind places and people valuable to society.

It is, however, with their art value we are most concerned, and we consider this not by any means small. The beautifying of this much used and much abused medium of communication is a duty, as it is a duty to make all our life associations beautiful. Being made so, its effect will be that produced by constant association with any form of beauty which we are compelled to see.

To be successful from an art standpoint the same rules must be observed which render any object artistic. Good workmanship is essential. A very sharp line between advertisement and decoration for beauty's sake must be drawn. They must not remind us of soap-wrappers or packing-box decoration.

The best which Canada has yet produced have been done by a Toronto firm. Technically they are good. The views embrace many Canadian cities and places of interest. A new series is in preparation, consisting of boats of all descriptions. The paper is lovely, fine, white, smooth, and not too thin.

While on this subject, however, let us ask why should ladies not be the decorators of their own stationery? These cards are particularly suitable for delicate little landscapes, marines in water-colors, or simple outline decoration, the simpler, if beautiful, the better. The subjects might be extended *ad infinitum*. If a lady does not feel equal to the task for many reasons there are many artists in Toronto who do, and who can do such work very nicely. This seems to be the only way in which post-cards, to come into pretty general use and be legitimately artistic, can be individualized and thereby made popular.

We called attention last week to the exhibition of water-colors of G. Bruenech at Matthews' Art Gallery. We wish to remind our readers again not to miss seeing the works of this popular artist.

The lecture course of the W.A.A. has commenced. The next is to be November 9, by Rev. C. H. Shortt, on King Henry's Gothic. On the 16th, Rev. Father Ryan lectures on Art and Faith. On the 23rd Prof. Ten-Broek of McMaster University gives Hegel and his Theory of Art. Arthur Harvey is to give later Paris, the Artist Warrior, a Study from the Illad. It is expected Hon. David Mills will take the last lecture. All are in the Canada Life Building.

A very congenial little group, consisting of about twenty-five of the members of the W.A.A., distributed themselves in various postures in the parlor of that most artistic home, 50 Glen road, the residence of Mrs. Junkin, last Saturday evening. The departure alluded to from the conventional modes of sitting indulged in by some, was the better to secure the most satisfactory view of the model posing in the room. An hour or more of work, more or less serious, marked, it will scarcely be believed, by almost absolute silence, produced results extraordinary in some cases, ordinary and natural in other cases. Some produced a portrait, and all worked well. Refreshments were served and a very pleasant little meeting adjourned to meet next Saturday evening at the home of Mrs. Morson, Brunswick avenue.

Capt. Paget Under Fire.

In the Porto Rican campaign a shrapnel shell struck the road within inches of the foot of the British naval attaché, Captain Paget, and lifted five Wisconsin volunteers off their feet and knocked them down. For a moment Paget was lost to view in a cloud of dust and smoke, from which no one expected to see him reappear alive, but he strode out of it untouched, remarking, in a tone of extreme annoyance, "There was a shell in the Soudan once did exactly that same thing to me." His tone seemed to suggest that there was a limit to any man's patience. A

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE SMOKING PARTY.



He says: "No man can hope to please everybody. Tastes differ. Dispositions differ. Temperaments differ. One smoker goes into raptures of delight over an Upmann cigar. Another goes to Muller and wants Pioneer Cavendish tobacco—wouldn't thank you for a cigar. One is attached to the famous 'Eucador,' another thinks that Savory's cigarettes are the 'whole tip.' Suit all tastes with one thing you cannot. But G. W. Muller says he can suit 999 in 1,000—with something in cigars, tobacco or cigarettes. I believe he can."

—THE MILDEST, COOLEST
—TOBACCO KNOWN

The Pioneer Cavendish is packed in airtight tins.

1-4 Pound 40c.
1-2 Pound 75c.
1 Pound \$1.50

This is considered one of the best blends in the world—is put up by the Richmond-Cavendish Co., Limited, Liverpool, England. I can confidently believe you will be impressed with its superiority.

G. W. Muller
Telephones (2772) (2775)
No. 9 KING STREET WEST

An Expert Opinion.

Harper's Weekly.



The New Caddie—Say, dis is de slowest game o' shinnny I ever see! Wot's de use o' dem dudes paddin' deir legs like dat wen dey never tries to soak each other a lick?

few minutes later, a solitary tree beneath which he was sitting was struck by another shell which killed two and wounded three men. Paget, who had been in a dozen campaigns, took it all as a matter of course, and assisted one of the wounded men out of the range of the bullets from the side of a steep and high hill. The sight did more to popularize the Anglo-American alliance with the soldiers than could the weightiest argument of ambassadors or statesmen. — Richard Harding Davis, in Scribner's.

UNUTTERABLE AGONY

Endured by Mrs. Ellen Fox of St. Matthias St., Toronto.

Stone in the Bladder Made Life Miserable—A Surgical Operation at the General Hospital Failed to Relieve Her—Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Her.

TORONTO, Oct. 31.—Mrs. Ellen Fox of No. 3 St. Matthias street, this city, is a lady, well known and highly esteemed by a large and constantly increasing acquaintance. For a long time she was a victim of ill-health, which prevented her from performing her social and domestic duties, greatly to the regret of her many friends.

Now, however, she is enjoying the most robust health, and the story of how she escaped the clutches of the disease that held her a victim is unusually interesting, affording, as it does, one other instance of how a famous remedy—Dodd's Kidney Pills—banishes suffering, wipes out disease and brings health, strength and happiness to every home wherein it is used.

Mrs. Fox writes of her case thus: "I endured agonies that neither tongue nor pen can describe, and that racked my body night and day. My trouble was stone in the bladder.

"I was for a time under treatment at the Toronto General Hospital, but no relief was afforded me, much less a cure. I underwent a painful surgical operation, but still my disease continued to grow worse and worse.

"My sufferings were simply awful, and at times were enough to turn the brain. I had almost abandoned all hope of ever getting better, when I was persuaded to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. I got relief from the very first, and a continued use of this heaven-sent medicine cured me absolutely and perfectly. I can never be thankful enough for my release, which was due wholly and solely to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Dodd's Kidney Pills have cured thousands of cases of stone in the bladder, and of gravel. They have never failed to cure. They are the only positive and unfailing cure for these diseases. Price fifty cents a box at all druggists, or by mail on receipt of price, by The Dodds Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto.

Smith—It is the unexpected that always happens. Horrigan—Yis; unless ye are lookin' for it.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Two of a Kind.

PATRICK O'MARS, a private in the Ninth U.S. Regulars, went to the colonel of his regiment and asked for a two weeks' leave of absence. The colonel was a severe disciplinarian, who did not believe in extending too many privileges to his men, and did not hesitate in using a subterfuge in evading the granting of one.

"Well," said the colonel, "what do you want a two weeks' furlough for?" Patrick answered: "Me woiife is very sick, and the children are not well, and if ye didn't mind, she would like to have me home for a few weeks to give her a bit of assistance."

The colonel eyed him for a few minutes and said: "Patrick, I might grant your request, but I got a letter from your wife this morning saying that she didn't want you home; that you were a nuisance and raised the devil whenever you were there. She hopes I won't let you have any more furloughs."

"That settles it. I suppose I can't get the furlough, then?" said Pat.

"No; I'm afraid not, Patrick. It wouldn't be well for me to do so under the circumstances."

It was Patrick's turn now to eye the colonel as he started for the door. Stopping suddenly, he said:

"Colonel, can I say something to ye?"

"Certainly, Patrick; what is it?"

"You won't get mad, colonel, if I say it?"

"Certainly not, Patrick; what is it?"

"I want to say there are two splendid lars in this room, and I'm one of them. I was never married in my life."

Donkey, Mastiff and Horse.

Many an animal will fight savagely for itself or its young, but animals that will fight for others are not so plentiful. There is a story told in *Lippincott's* of a horse that knew how to fight, and did not reserve all his powers for his own benefit.

Two men, accompanied by a fierce mastiff, were going across a field, when the dog broke away from them and began savagely to attack a donkey quietly feeding there. It seized the poor animal by the throat, dragged it off its feet, and then began to worry it in a manner that made the donkey's chances of life seem very small. To the shouts of the men the savage brute paid no heed.

But there was another witness of the scene—a horse in a neighboring field. He saw the whole affair, and apparently made up his mind that the situation was desperate. Somebody must go to the aid of the donkey, and the horse went.

With one spring he was over the hedge that separated the fields. Then he made for the scene of conflict. Before the dog realized his danger the horse seized him with his teeth, tore him away from his prey, and then by a dexterous movement wheeled round and flung out his heels, giving the dog the full benefit of the kick.

This was a sort of warfare that the cowardly mastiff did not relish. He promptly slunk off, with his tail between his legs. The horse then strutted proudly round the donkey, as if highly elated by his victory.

Sacrificing His Curls.

The following item of interest appears in the *Fireside Gem*, a paper published at Augusta, Me. As to the truth or origin of our story we know nothing:

A pat illustration of the sort of man who "breasts the blows of circumstance" is given in a story told of a dashing, handsome Englishman who came to Canada in 1832, took up several thousand acres of land in the Huron tract and began building a homestead.

He wore long curls, then the fashion. One day the mortar needed for the building of the fireplace lacked hair. Mr. Ransford cut off the "Hyperion's curls," chopped them into suitable lengths and mixed them in the mortar.

"The chimney corner to this day," says the Canada Company, "bears the testimony to the riches outside of a cranium and to the bump of determination they covered."

The Drama in Missouri.

From the Harrisonville (Mo.) Leader.

Ole Olson, a play of the bygone days, was rehearsed at the Opera House last Monday night. When we see something good we make a note of it. The note in regard to Ole Olson will be very brief. A stage actor, in speaking to an old friend, said: "Yes, we had a good run at the last town we played. They chased us ten miles." Such did not happen with Ole Olson, but if he ever comes back—well—never mind. At the end of the performance the three spectators quickly left.

The Celebrated India Pale Ale and Stout of John Labatt

can be purchased from all dealers in Wines and Liquors at the SAME PRICE AS OTHER DOMESTIC ALES.

When ordering, specify "LABATT'S," and insist on having what you order.

The "FAMOUS ACTIVE" Range

EVERY idea that long experience in stove-making could devise is embodied in these Ranges.

OVEN is VENTILATED and CEMENTED on TOP and BOTTOM—this ensures EVEN COOKING, while a THERMOMETER in door SHOWS EXACT HEAT—NO GUESSING as to how your BAKING or ROASTING WILL TURN OUT.

Every housewife knows what an advantage this is.....

Quick Working! Easily Handled! Spring on Fuel!

Cut shows 8 hours' work by one woman, using only one fire-pot of coal.

The McClary Mfg. Co., London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver

If your local dealer cannot supply, write our nearest house.

SUBSTITUTION THE FRAUD OF THE DAY

See you get Carter's. Ask for Carter's. Insist and demand

CARTER'S Little Liver Pills

The only perfect Liver Pill. Take no other, even if solicited to do so. Beware of imitations of same colored wrapper—RED.

BE SURE THEY ARE CARTER'S

DON'T SHOVEL YOUR DOLLARS into your stoves without getting good results. Can't get good results from poor COAL

That's sure. If you come to us you will get the very best coal in the market. It's perfectly screened. It's free from all coal impurities, burns up to fine ashes. Prices fluctuate. So you had better buy now while they're low. We deliver anywhere in the city promptly. P. BURNS & CO., 38 King St. East. Shall we book your order?

The German Emperor will be the most exalted gentleman who has ever consented to "Follow the man from Cook's." The Kaiser is even to be "personally conducted," and that honor will naturally fall upon Mr. John Cook, the head of the firm that is well known, even in the desert. A junior Mr. Cook has been to Berlin to explain the route to His Majesty, and it has been approved. The cost of the tour has been approximately estimated at five thousand dollars a day. The figure appears a very heavy one, but the Kaiser's suite is a very large one.

Briggs (at the Country Golf Club)—What do you call it when you drive at a ball and miss it? Griggs—That depends on how many languages you speak.—Puck.

Uncle George—So you really think you love the girl? Harry—Love her? Why, I actually enjoy her mother's company.—Boston Transcript.

Is Your Daughter in School? There are thousands of sickly school girls dragging their way through school who might be enjoying the full vigor of their youth by taking Scott's Emulsion.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For over fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, there is no mistake about it. It cures that mother's greatest trial, the teething colic, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething is pleasant to the taste and the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cts. a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

Mr. J. J. McCarthy, for the past eight years passenger agent of the West Shore and N. Y. C. R. R., has been appointed general western passenger agent for the West Shore Railway, with headquarters at Chicago.

BEAUTY IS POWER

Dr. Campbell's Safe Aromatic Complexion Wafers, Fould's Aromatic Soap and Fould's Aromatic Cream are the most wonderful preparations in the world for the complexion. They remove Pimples, Blackheads, Moth, Redness, Tan, Redness, Oiliness, and all other facial and bodily blemishes. These Preparations brighten and beautify the complexion as no other remedies on the market. Price ten cts. per box. See and try it at large houses. H. B. FOULD, 144 Yonge St., Toronto. Sold by all Druggists in Canada.

PHRENOLOGY

Professor O'Brien
Canada's greatest and Toronto's leading phrenologist and (only) scientific palmist; patronized by the elite. Photo read free to patrons. Open till 10 p.m.
401 Jarvis

SMITH'S Toronto Dye Works
Tel. 2411 106 KING ST. WEST
Lace curtains and bed curtains cleaned, 50c per pair; cream curtains, 60c per pair. Kid gloves cleaned to look equal to new. Dyeing and cleaning in all its branches.

GOLD MEDAL, Health Exhibition, LONDON.

"Benger's Food" has by its excellence, established a reputation of its own."

BENGER'S FOOD
FOR INFANTS, INVALIDS, AND THE AGED.

DELICIOUS, NUTRITIVE, DIGESTIBLE.

Balmoral Castle, Scotland, 25th September, 1896.
"Sir, Please forward to Balmoral Castle one dozen tins of Benger's Food for H.M. The Empress of Russia, addressed to Miss Coster. We have received the box ordered from Peterhoff. Yours truly,
"F. COSTER"

(Published by Special Permission of the Russian Court.)
Benger's Food is sold in Tins by Chemists, Ac., everywhere.
Wholesale of Leading Importers, or of Evans & Sons, Ltd., Montreal and Toronto

PREMIER BREWERY OF CANADA

One of the most complete breweries on the continent. Capacity, 100,000 barrels annually. Equipped with the most modern plant, including a De La Vergne Refrigerating Machine, 75 H. P., with water tower in connection; a 30 H. P. electric dynamo for lighting brewery and running several motors; a large water filter—capacity, 2,000 gallons per hour, through which water, after passing, is absolutely pure and is used in all brewings. Our improved facilities enable us to guarantee our products. European and American experts have pronounced our establishment and products equal to the best in their respective countries. Large Malt House and Storage in connection.
The O'Keefe Brewery Co.
OF TORONTO, Limited



MUSIC

The third concert of the Massey Hall special course, which was given on Tuesday evening last, proved to be one of the most successful miscellaneous events ever given in the Hall. The audience, which numbered about two thousand people, was most enthusiastic, and recalls being the order during the evening. Manager Suckling displayed sound judgment in his choice of artists for the performance, all of whom, with the exception of Mrs. H. de M. Harvey of London, Ont., who was heard in Toronto for the first time on this occasion, being popular favorites with local music-lovers. Mlle. Antoinette Trebelli, soprano; Signor Campanari, baritone, and M. Ovide Musin, violinist, three of the most eminent artists now before the people of this continent, who have on former occasions demonstrated their worth to Toronto audiences, were heard in a programme giving every opportunity for the display of those special gifts, technically and musically, which have for them so high a place in the affections of the musical world. The wonderful technical brilliancy of Mlle. Trebelli's vocalization, the remarkable purity of her voice, and above all the true artistic spirit which ever animated her singing, won for her a decided triumph. Her principal numbers were a grand aria by Duvonay and Masse's well known variations on The Carnival of Venice. Her best effort, however, was a charming bird song, which was given as an encore by her first number, and which was charmingly and brilliantly rendered. Signor Campanari has always, since his first appearance in this city, been a most interesting personality with Toronto music-lovers. As a singer and musician he stands in the front rank of the profession, his telling voice and remarkable dramatic power never failing to arouse his hearers to most enthusiastic demonstrations of delight. His capital rendering of the *Dio Possente* aria from Faust and the splendid manner in which, as an encore, he gave the famous Toreador's Song from Carmen, were among the most pronounced successes of the evening. Equally effective was his magnificent work in the famous aria from Rossini's Barber of Seville, in which the dramatic power and warmth of his voice, the elegance of his phrasing and his finished vocalization were shown to admirable advantage. The enthusiastic reception accorded the eminent violinist, M. Musin, must have been an inspiration to that great artist, who has seldom played as well in Toronto as on this occasion. His fine tone, faultless technique, breadth and grace of style, and his profound musicianship were again shown in an attractive selection of solos of various schools of violin music. His first number, Tartini's Variations *Sireuses* on a Gavotte by Corelli, was a particularly delightful example of refined and artistic playing, in which M. Musin was in no slight degree aided by the faultless piano accompaniment of Mr. Hewlett. A clever mazurka, from the pen of M. Musin himself, was one of his most successful numbers and revealed him in an enviable light as a composer. Much interest was felt in the appearance of Mrs. H. de M. Harvey, who sang several popular ballads in a manner which won for her the enthusiastic approval of the critical audience present, who twice encored her. Mrs. Harvey possesses a mezzo voice of unusual richness and piquancy, and sings with much ease and considerable expressiveness. She deserves to be more frequently heard and will doubtless be warmly received should she again appear in Toronto. A special word of praise is due Mr. W. H. Hewlett of London, who played the accompaniments during the evening. His adequate technique, good tone, and his sympathetic support of the soloists contributed in no small measure to their success. The next and last concert of the present series will be given on November 22 by Mme. Sofia Scialchi and her company.

The statement has been made by champions of the Associated Board's advent into Canada that the institution named is the only one in England (not even barring Trinity College, London, and the Incorporated Society of Musicians) which does not share "swag" with teachers sending up candidates for examinations. The Board, therefore, appears to stand upon a pedestal of its own in England and seems to regard the fact that it does not thus divide the receipts as a virtue sufficiently rare to merit an inordinate amount of advertising. The examining bodies of this part of the world, however, can truthfully (although they do so modestly) say the same of their work, so that should the Associated Board institute its bargains in C.T.A.B. degrees, etc., into Canada it will at least not feel as lonely as regards its high moral qualifications as seems to be its fate across the ocean. It is a mistake, however, for the Board's honorary general representative to question in the public press the statement made by Mr. Torrington at a recent meeting that a proposition had been made by Mr. Aitken, the honorary secretary of the Board, to divide such "swag" as might result from a proposed affiliation of the Toronto College of Music with the Associated Board. In a letter to Mr. Torrington, dated January 28, 1897, Mr. Aitken submits the following proposition for the former's consideration, that "You should do the necessary work and advertisements in your province and neighborhood, and that we should do the necessary work and make arrangements on this side. Then

as to fees, that you should guarantee us against loss and anything over and above this might be divided between us to cover expenses on your side and expenses on ours." A guarantee against loss, as we do business in Canada, provides for all that is included in the expense account of an undertaking, hence it would be interesting to know, in the light of the magnanimous and "philanthropic" proposition quoted above, what on earth Mr. Aitken's interpretation of "expenses" actually is and where the Associated Board's statement of "profits" in this case would be allowed to begin. The additional claim is sometimes made by representatives of the A. B. that because of the first year or two of operating in any special colony, "philanthropy" must be the motive governing the Board's examinations. This hollow pretense is not, however, likely to deceive the Canadian public. As an example of the hopes and speculations of the Board regarding its colonial business, a remark made by the honorary secretary himself, during a recent short visit to Toronto, when he endeavored to enlist the Conservatory of Music as an ally, shows the spirit in which the whole scheme is being advanced. Mr. Aitken placed the number of candidates in Australia and Tasmania this season at about one thousand, and ventured to predict as evidence of the popularity of the Board's trivial examinations that there would be three thousand candidates paying fees this year. Trinity College, London, which, judging by its syllabus, is artistically the most progressive of these English local examination enterprises, had an equally large patronage in the Antipodes. To the credit of our Toronto institutions, the tempting bait held out by Mr. Aitken was not allowed to outweigh the many objections on artistic grounds to the Board's scheme. The profession generally, whether connected with our music schools or private teachers, justly regard the, in many respects, antiquated syllabus prepared for Canada, with its special C. T. A. B. twenty-five-dollar degree, as an insult to the intelligence of the country, and to this and the decidedly objectionable manner in which the whole matter has been introduced here may be ascribed the indignant "opposition" which has sprung up in all parts of the country on the part of the responsible elements of the profession.

The complimentary concert tendered Signor Delasco in Massey Hall on Thursday evening of last week was a most gratifying success, both as regards the attendance and the artistic character of the programme presented. Much interest was felt in the concert, not only because of the worthy object for which it was arranged, but also because of the opportunity it afforded the public of hearing several talented amateurs whose personal popularity no doubt contributed in no slight degree to the large and fashionable audience which assembled on this occasion. Those taking part were: Miss Margaret Huston, soprano; Miss Violet Gooderham, contralto; Miss Sara Bibby, soprano; Mr. George Fox, violinist; Mr. H. C. Cox, baritone; Mr. Grenville Kleiser, reader; Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, solo pianist and director; Miss Shippe and Mr. Wark, accompanists, and the Toronto Male Quartette—Messrs. F. C. Whistmough, Charles Booz, A. L. E. Davies and A. E. Boothie. Miss Huston's artistic rendering of Godard's "Jocelyn" Berceuse, with violin obligato by Mr. Fox, was one of the gems of a very attractive evening's performance, and won for the talented vocalist a most enthusiastic encore. Miss Violet Gooderham gave a dramatic and very intelligent rendering of Granier's *Hosanna*, displaying a voice of exceptionally fine quality besides giving evidences of a musical temperament which is so frequently a missing quantity in the work of even the most experienced of vocalists. Miss Gooderham's excellent singing came in the nature of a surprise to many in the audience who had not previously heard her. She was several times recalled, and finally compelled to respond with an encore number. Miss Bibby's clear soprano and Mr. Cox's effective baritone were also heard to advantage in several well chosen songs, both of these singers being very warmly received. Mr. Fox, whose popularity with Toronto audiences is proverbial, won new triumphs through the brilliancy of his playing in solos by Wieniawski, Bohm and Leonard, his technique, style, tone and musician's revealing the thorough artist. The piano solos contributed by Mr. Tripp, which included Liszt's *La Campanella*, Rubinstein's *Barcarolle* and, as an encore, Paderewski's *Melodie*, served to strengthen the good impression already created by this gifted performer upon the music-loving public of this city. The brilliancy of his technique, his finished style and the warmth of his tone were admirably shown in his chosen selections. The singing of the Toronto Male Quartette was also very enjoyable, and reflected much credit upon the organization. Mr. Kleiser's clever reading and the accompaniments played during the evening by Miss Shippe and Mr. Wark added materially to the success of the concert.

Lieut.-Col. Maclean of Montreal, the "honorary general representative" for Canada of the Associated Board of Examiners of the R.A.M. and R.C.M., England, is so well pleased with the remarkable epistle from his pen which recently appeared in the *Globe* and the Montreal

Gazette that he has had it reproduced in pamphlet form and is distributing it broadcast throughout the country. As the Canadian public as well as our military friend himself are by this time fully aware of the many inaccurate and astounding statements contained in the aforesaid letter, the honorary general representative's questionable action in exploiting it now as a justification of the Associated Board's advent in Canada cannot but tend to still further cast suspicion upon the whole affair. Among local musicians—whose loyalty to British institutions is unquestioned and whose warm admiration has frequently been expressed for the eminent men whose names are being used to shield the real character of the scheme and the ill-advised action of the Board's representatives in pushing it—there is but one opinion regarding the matter and a sincere feeling of regret that the work of the two justly famous music schools of England should be so sadly misrepresented by the concern which is now canvassing this country in the interests of its 825 C.T.A.B. degrees and the other juvenile examination tests which we are asked to believe are being instituted in Canada in the interests solely of our higher "artistic advancement."

An interesting programme has been arranged by Mr. J. Humphrey Anger, organist of Old St. Andrew's, for a concert to be given by the choir of that church on Thursday evening next in the spacious Sunday school hall of the church. The first part of the programme, which will be made up of sacred music, will include Mr. Anger's cantata, *A Song of Thanksgiving*. The second part will be made up of secular numbers including G. F. Vincent's choral fantasia on National Airs, a new work to Toronto, of a very interesting and pleasing character, in which upwards of a dozen old English ballads are introduced and so arranged as to form a continuous narrative. The choir will have the assistance of Mrs. H. W. Parker, soprano, Mr. A. L. E. Davies, baritone, and Miss Maud Gordon, pianiste.

The service at St. Simon's church tomorrow (Sunday) evening will be of exceptional interest. Under J. W. F. Harrison's direction the fine choir of the church will sing a number of standard compositions which were sung at the special service given in the church on Tuesday evening last, including Sullivan's beautiful Hymn of the Homeland, an example of refined part-writing, which, with the careful attention to shading and the quality of tone produced by the boys of the choir, created a marked impression upon those who heard the hymn at Tuesday evening's service. Besides this work Woodward's anthem, *The Sun Shall be no More Thy Light*, and Tour's *Magnificent and Nunc Dimittis* in F, will be sung.

A concert of more than usual interest will be given at the Junction on the evening of November 17, under the auspices of the Toronto Junction College of Music. A programme has been arranged of a very high order, in which Mr. Tripp, piano examiner of the institution; Miss Dora L. McMurtry, the popular young soprano and newly appointed vocal teacher at the College; Miss Lillian Burns, elocutionist, and Mr. Firth, baritone, also of the College faculty will take part. Tickets have been placed at fifty cents, and the large advance sale indicates that the people of the Junction recognize and appreciate the efforts now being put forth in their behalf in the cause of good music for that enterprising municipality.

A unique and delightful entertainment termed *In a Persian Garden* is being projected by Miss Nora Hilary, the intention being to give it in the Horticultural Pavilion in aid of the Sick Children's Hospital. In *A Persian Garden* is a song cycle for soprano, alto, tenor and bass, the composer being Liza Lehmann. The work has become wonderfully popular in the leading cities of the neighboring republic, and it is surprising that it has never been heard here. The soprano part will be taken by Mme. Julia Wyman of New York, and the other parts will be placed in the hands of artists who will be announced in a future issue.

The following is from the *Thorold Post* in reference to a recent concert held in that town: "Mr. John E. Turton, baritone, proved himself an artist with very fastidious taste in the selection of his numbers. Nothing was common, every item was choice and was rendered as only a true artist could render it. His Song Stories were of peculiar strength, high in tone and rendered with fitting pathos or spirit as the nature of the selection demanded. The very best that was in the hearer was catered to, and in such a way that all were entertained."

During the recent visit of Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Aberdeen to the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, the musical programme presented by pupils of the institution drew forth warm words of praise from the distinguished visitors. In commenting on the artistic singing of two of Mrs. Bradley's pupils, Miss Hill of Toronto and Miss James of Bowmanville, Lord Aberdeen made special reference to their clear enunciation, correct intonation and charm and simplicity of manner.

The Toronto College of Music scholarships awarded by the separate teachers of the staff are attracting attention from far and near, and much musical talent is being discovered through them. Special scholarships for piano, violin and vocal music are open to Public School children, applications for which must be sent direct to the secretary of the Toronto College of Music, 14 Pembroke street, stating the school to which the applicant belongs.

Mr. J. Coates Lockhart, a young English tenor of ability, took part in the musical service at the Metropolitan church last Sunday, singing with purity of intonation that was refreshing to hear. His rendering of Verne's *Promise of the King* was very effective. There is some probability

of Mr. Lockhart settling in Toronto, and should he do so he will be a decided acquisition to the ranks of our very best concert singers.

An interesting song service will be given in Westminster Presbyterian church on Tuesday evening next by the choir of the church, assisted by Mrs. H. W. Parker, soprano; Miss Helen Church, soprano; Miss Maude Richards, contralto; Mr. A. L. E. Davies, baritone; Mr. E. A. Coulthard bass, and Mr. A. T. Blakeley, organist. A collection will be taken up during the evening.

The orchestra being organized by Mr. Torrington for the Messiah performance is assuming large proportions and bids fair to be of excellent quality. The Festival chorus numbers over three hundred voices and is being brought into effective shape. The rehearsals are on Tuesday nights in the Metropolitan church school-room.

Miss Amy Robsart Jaffray, the well known vocalist and teacher of singing, will hereafter reside at 37 Grenville street. She has now a studio at the warerooms of Mason & Risch and appointments can be made there or by telephoning the Metropolitan School of Music. MODERATO.

Children's Theology.

A little girl explained God's omnipresence thus: "He was everywhere without going there." A little boy, reflecting on the misdeeds of Satan, said to his mother, "Ma, Satan must be a great trouble to God, mustn't he? I don't see why he turned out so bad when he had no devil to put him up to it." Better, perhaps, is the remark of a three-year-old, who said, "I want God to take care of me nights; I can take care of myself days." —*Temple Magazine*.

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Social and Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Blight have removed from Tranby avenue to 28 St. Mary street, where Mrs. Blight will be at home first and third Tuesdays in the month.

A press despatch tells us that Major-General Gascoigne has been selected to command the troops in China.

Mrs. McCaig and Mrs. Fuller of Woodstock are spending some time in Toronto. They are en pension in Beverley street.

Mrs. Rose of Queen's Park gives an afternoon reception next Thursday, November 10, from five to seven o'clock.

The Brownies have possession of Massey Hall for the last two days this week. Scores of society ladies have loaned their wee ones to take part in this pretty show for Grace Hospital.

Mrs. A. M. Henderson of Port Elgin is visiting her daughter, Mrs. R. J. Hannah of Sorabren avenue, Parkdale.

Those wishing to join Fraulein Holtermann's German classes must send in their names at once to 157 Gerrard street east.

A complimentary dinner was tendered Miss Maud Irving of 189 Close avenue, Parkdale, last Friday by her numerous friends, on the occasion of her leaving for Philadelphia, where she enters the hospital of the University of Pennsylvania for a three years' course of training. Many friends accompanied her to the station.

Mrs. J. Russell Starr (nee Nelles) will be at home, 436 Markham street, Thursday and Friday, November 10 and 11, and afterwards every second and third Friday in the month.

Little Douglas Struthers of Craiglea, Dovercourt road, celebrated his third birthday on Wednesday afternoon by giving a party to a number of his juvenile friends. Covers were laid for ten and refreshments served on miniature dining-tables, painted in red and blue, with chairs to match. The dining-room was tastefully decorated with flowers and bunting, and the wee tot expressed their delight and admiration unparagonably.

Mrs. Suydam has been entertaining her brother and sister-in-law, Dr. and Mrs. Goldham, who came down for Miss Goldham's wedding on Thursday.

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The transfer books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th November, inclusive.

By order of the Board.

S. C. WOOD, Managing Director.

Toronto, October 26th, 1898.

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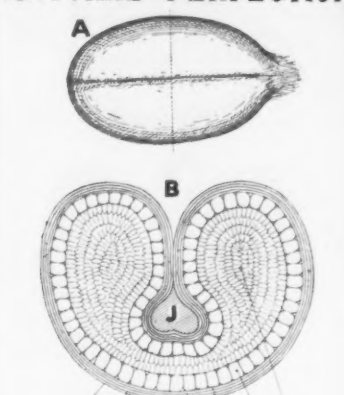
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